

# Life

MOVIE NUMBER

MAY 20, 1920

PRICE 15 CENTS



"ALONE AT LAST!"

# Give this Reward to Graduates

## *The Parker Duofold Pen and Pencil Duette*

The most Popular Gift in the Stores Today for Birthdays,  
Weddings, Leave-takings and Commencement

THE coming of vacation suggests to America that soon there'll be much writing home to do. And all who carry along the well-filled Parker Duofold Pen and Pencil will be the envy of those who are obliged to search at every stop for pen and ink—not the easiest of things to find in the woods, or at the lakes and seashore.

Therefore, gift-buying at this season naturally concentrates on these handsome Parker Duofold Duettes.

The Pen with point guaranteed 25 years if not misused, restful Hand-size Grip, and extra large ink capacity.

The Pencil with Non-Clog Feed

so easily filled by slipping in a new lead at the Tip—you need never take out the "insides."

It was Parker's idea that the world would richly reward whoever would produce such a writing team. And so it has proved—Parker sales in the past 4 years have increased 435%. People bought more than eight million dollars worth of Parkers last year alone. This year they're in higher popularity than ever.

Go and see the bright arrays of Parker Duofolds at all good pen and pencil counters. Rich Black and Gold or Black-tipped Lacquered—so handsome to own and hard to mislay.

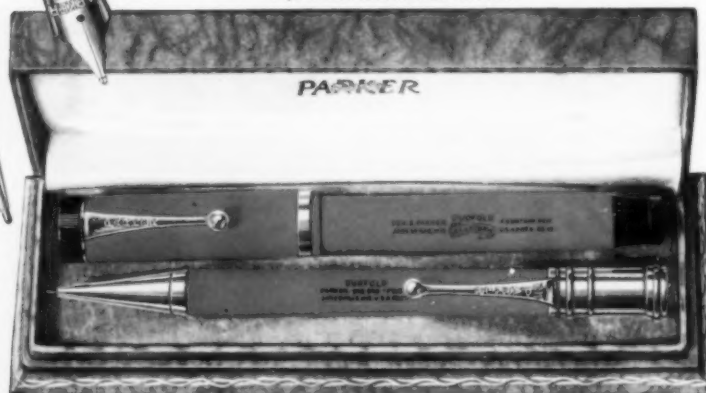
THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN • OFFICES AND SUBSIDIARIES:  
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • ATLANTA • SAN FRANCISCO • TORONTO, CANADA • LONDON, ENGLAND

# Parker

## Duofold Duette

PEN HAS THE 25 YEAR POINT PENCIL TURNS LEAD OUT AND IN

Parker Duofold Duette: Over-size—Pen, \$7; Pencil, \$4; Junior size—Pen, \$5; Pencil, \$3.50; Lady size—Pen, \$5; Pencil, \$3; Satin-lined Gift Case de luxe included with sets





## FAIRFAX *by the Master Craftsmen*


EDWARD FAGAN, for thirty years a Gorham Master Craftsman of the Durgin Division, Concord, N. H., giving the final clearing to a Fairfax tea set.

Supreme in its Colonial simplicity, Fairfax leads in sales all other sterling patterns in the world. It expresses that beauty so characteristic of Gorham's master craftsmanship. Your jeweler will gladly show you Fairfax in both flat and hollowware.

### FAIRFAX PATTERN *in sterling silver*

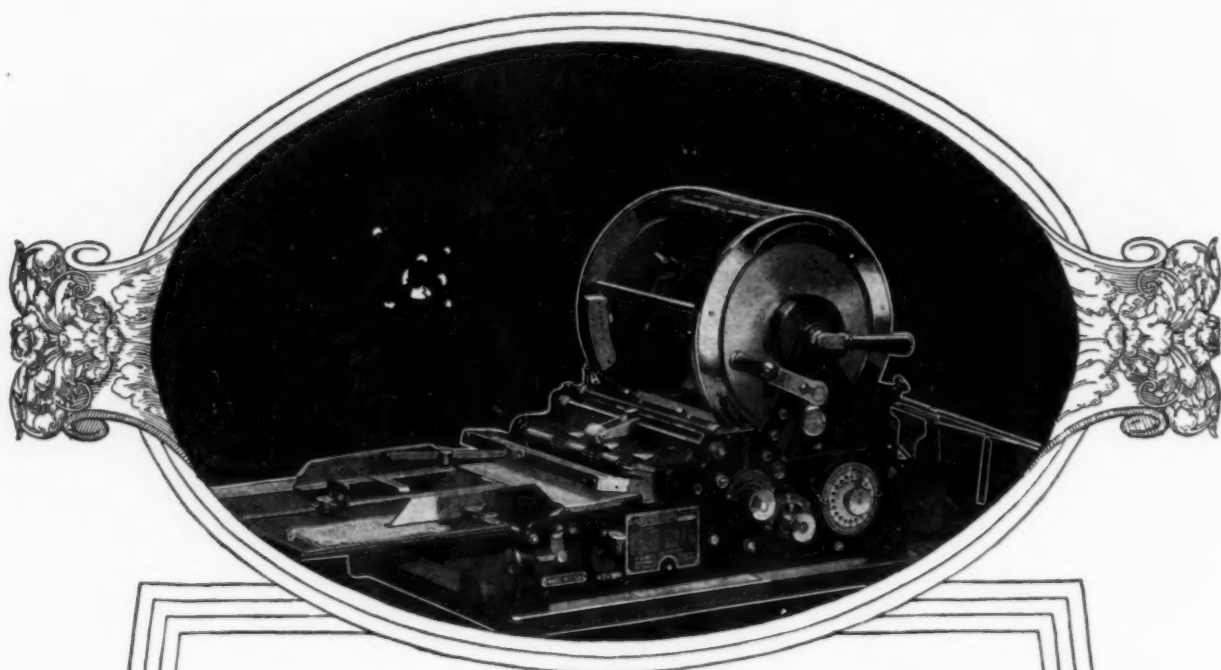
Tea spoons 6 for \$9.50  
Dessert knives 6 for 19.00  
Dessert forks 6 for 21.50

# GORHAM

PROVIDENCE, R. I.  NEW YORK, N. Y.

*Member of the Sterling Silversmiths' Guild of America*

AMERICA'S LEADING SILVERSMITHS FOR OVER 90 YEARS



### WHEN AN IDEA EXPLODES

To nearly every man of affairs in the world today there often comes, sharply and clearly, an idea that is loaded with great possibilities. And too often that idea is forever lost, because there are not at hand the necessary tools to put it into instant action. The Mimeograph is the superlative disseminator of ideas. With remarkable speed it duplicates all kinds of letters, forms, bulletins, announcements, diagrams, etc., at almost negligible cost. Distinctly clear, well printed copies, it turns out, many thousands an hour, and without the need of highly trained operators. It brings to the busy man a private printing plant, ever ready for instant action. An interesting booklet "W-5"—sent by the A. B. Dick Company, Chicago, upon request—points the way to a great saving of time and money by speedily putting ideas to work.

# M I M E O G R A P H





# Life

## Do You Remember—

**W**HEN all picture theatres were called "nickelodeons" and had a barker out in front to shout the virtues of the current attractions, inveigle passers-by to the ticket window and assure them that a new show was just beginning?

When every program consisted of "a drama, a comedy and a Western"?

When the model theatre orchestra was composed of piano and drums, playing waltzes for the dramas, "Cheyenne" and "Idaho" for the Westerns, and ragtime for the comedies?

When every comedy ended in a chase, and every chase ended in a pond, with the old maid getting the man?

When John Bunny was the plutocrat of the profession at \$150 a week?

When Maurice Costello was the unrivaled idol of the screen?

When the Biograph Company shielded the identity of all its players?

When Biograph, Vitagraph, Edison, Lubin, Pathé, Selig and Essanay were the leading "film manufacturers"?

When such classics as "A Blot on the 'Scutcheon,'" "Pippa Passes" and "As You Like It" were compressed into one reel?

When breathless film fans went every week to see certain pairs, such as Earle Williams and Anita Stewart, Arthur Johnson and Lottie Briscoe, Mary Pickford and Owen Moore?

When Lionel Barrymore played secondary rôles in the Biograph one-reelers?

When Kathlyn Williams and Pearl White started the serial craze?

When every emotional crisis was the signal for somebody to turn to the camera and say "My God!"?

When an actor always walked down in front of the camera to read a letter?

When all action was paralyzed for a few seconds at the point where a subtitle was to be inserted?

When night effects were obtained by the simple device of tinting the

film green, thus enabling the actors to see without eyestrain the reprieve-bearing heroine approaching at a gallop in the distance?

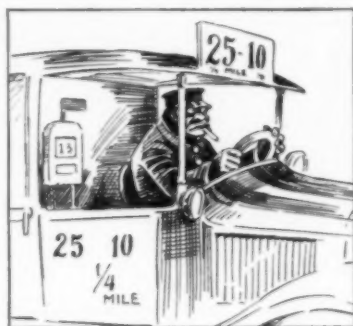
When Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Alice Joyce, Mabel Normand, Blanche Sweet and the Gishes worked on a picture-a-week schedule?

When Lottie Pickford was a rival of Sister Mary in the popularity contests, and the names Billy Quirk, Florence Lawrence,

Flo La Badie, Lillian Walker, Edith Storey, Carlyle Blackwell and Mary Fuller drew nickels into the box office?

If so, dear reader, you qualify as a genuine first-water movie fan, an honor won through self-flagellations if ever one was!

Herbert J. Mangham.



THE BLACK PIRATE

## A Warning to Ushers

**I**HAVE restrained myself at all audible title-reading.

I have ignored all parquet petting.

I have grunted "certainly" when walked past, brushed by and kicked by other spectators.

But, having seen a patron carrying a bag of potato chips into a movie for refreshment, I warn the ushers to start looking under all seats near mine when the show is over.

Sooner or later they'll find a body.  
McCreedy Huston.

## But to Return

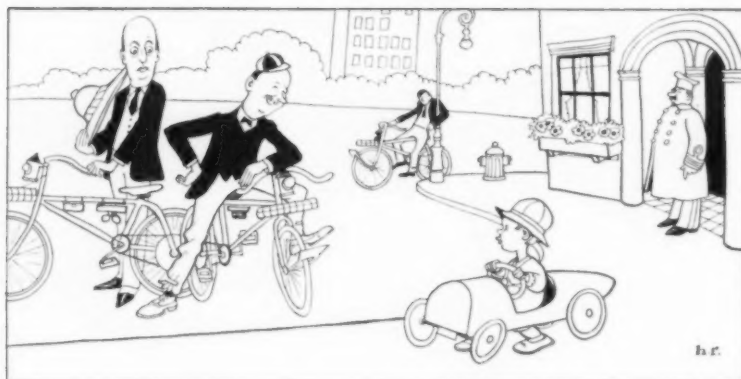
**"M**Y wife's forever on the go."

"So's mine, but darn the luck, she always comes back."



**First Extra:** YES, DEARIE, IRVING THALBERG PRACTIC'LY PROMISED ME THE PART OF VENUS IN THAT DREAM SEQUENCE IN "HELL'S PARADISE," AND THEN THE RESEARCH EDITOR OR WHATEVER YOU CALL HIM STEPS UP AND SAYS: "SHE CAN'T PLAY VENUS—SHE'S GOT A VACCINATION MARK ON HER ARM." CAN YOU BEAT IT?

**Second Extra:** IT JUST PROVES WHAT I ALWAYS SAY, HONEY. THESE HIGHBROWS IS GOIN' TO RUIN THE PICTURE GAME.



## The LIFE Polar Expedition

*Special Correspondence from Robert Benchley*

**E**N ROUTE with LIFE's Bicycle Expedition to the North Pole—May 17.

We are now just between Woodlawn and Mt. Vernon, at a point where there seems to be some sort of road-digging going on. This means that we shall have to sit down and wait for them to finish, or else go back and take a roundabout route. We are just a little discouraged.

"Chief," Lieut.-Commander Connelly said to me as we were pedalling through Morrisania (168th Street), "do you ever have any doubts about our catching up with the others—Amundsen and Byrd, I mean?"

I felt a strange little chill creep around my heart. Was this mutiny?

"Have you heard any of the men talking?" I asked, without looking at him.

"Well, no, not exactly," he replied, "but Ensign Thermaline asked me yesterday how long I figured out that it would be before we sighted one of the other expeditions."

"You can tell Ensign Thermaline," I said, "that if he will keep his feet pedalling 'round and 'round just as fast as he can and maintain his balance, the rest of us will do the same."

Lieut.-Commander Connelly looked at me with tears in his eyes. "Aye, aye, sir," was all that he said, but it spoke volumes.

From Mott Haven, where we spent the night, we have pedalled due north over the Grand Concourse, stopping only once at a repair shop to get a new thumb-piece for Ensign Thermaline's bell. Ensign Thermaline had been

using the bell almost constantly since leaving 57th Street, being one of the most cautious pilots in the expedition.

A peculiarity of the country which we all have noticed since crossing over the Harlem River is the rows upon rows of large apartment houses which have sprung up along the route. At first none of us spoke of it, but finally Lieut.-Commander Connelly could keep his thoughts to himself no longer. "Have you noticed the large number of apartment houses along the way?" he asked. We all admitted that we had.

In front of one of these apartment houses an interesting sight met our eyes. A little boy was seen riding along in what looked like a very small auto-

mobile and it was in effect really an automobile except that it was propelled by the little boy's feet, which were in direct contact with the sidewalk. Some members of the expedition were in favor of stopping and getting the little boy to join, but wiser counsel prevailed and we decided that it would take him too long to get his winter things packed and that we ought not to incur any more delays than we should run into in the natural course of events. "He would have been cute, though," said Lieut.-Commander Connelly wistfully.

Just the other side of Williamsbridge we ran into an obstacle which for a while threatened to hold us up indefinitely. Right in our path we came to a high wall surrounding a reservoir. We sent Ensign Thermaline up to take soundings and he returned, making a long face, and reporting that the reservoir was practically ten feet deep.

"What a place to build a reservoir anyway!" I said, and the others joined me in my disgust.

Fording the darned thing being out of the question, we decided that it would be better to take one of the roads which seemed to lead around it. We chose the one to the left because left is Lieut.-Commander Connelly's favorite direction. And Dame Fortune was with us in our choice, for it led, after a while, right into the Bronx River Parkway, which was just where we wanted to be. Had we taken the road to the right, there is no telling where we should have ended up.\*

It was in passing Woodlawn Cemetery that we got into the discussion which is still raging as we sit by the roadside before Mt. Vernon. The sight of the miles and miles of monuments in Woodlawn depressed Lieut.-Commander Connelly and set him thinking.

"Man's span is so short," he said, drawing up alongside my "bike" (as we call our wheels), "Man's span is so short that it seems hardly worth all the fuss and pother of trying, doesn't it?" he whispered.

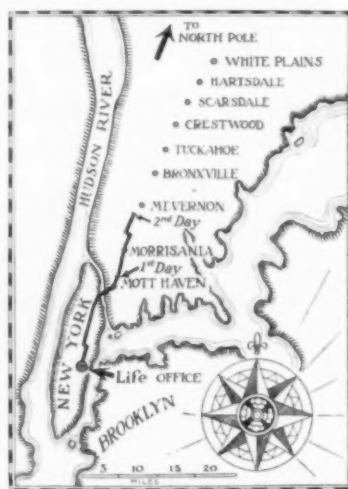
"I think that word is 'bother,'" I said. "Which word?" he asked.

"The word you called 'pother,'" I replied, a little cruelly, I am afraid.

"Are you sure?" he asked.

"As sure as one can be of anything in this old world," I said.

"That's just it," the lieutenant com-



MAP SHOWING PROGRESS OF EXPEDITION TO DATE.

\*The right road also leads to the Bronx River Parkway.—EDITOR.

mander returned, "what can one be sure of? We are born, grow up, make our little plans—and what sad, brave little plans they are, too—and then just as we think we are succeeding"—the young explorer stopped and looked at the rows of tombstones on our left.

"I know, Lieutenant-Commander," I said, sympathetically. "You don't have to say it."

And so we rode on in silence, until we reached this sort of digging-up they are doing in the road. Then I said: "Oh, the devil!" And at this rather pat climax to a discussion on philosophy, we both laughed.

But if we are held up very long here it will be no laughing matter, for in the papers we read that Amundsen is already on his way to the Pole from Spitzbergen.

(The brave boys of the LIFE Polar Expedition are pedalling furiously in a northerly direction and expect to reach Mt. Vernon any day now. Another despatch from Commander Benchley will appear next week.)

### Came Envy

I GREATLY dislike the picture folk. They seem so superciliously arrogant—or is it arrogantly supercilious?

Well, anyhow, they are.

Achieving stardom on the tilt of a nose, the cast of an eye or the turn of an ankle.

And wearing fur coats and royal diadems; living in gorgeous palaces for which the public pays and drinking lavishly of beverages that should be no nearer to us than Mexico or Canada.

Forever having themselves photographed for the roto-gravure sections



The Girl Friend: I'VE GOT SUCH A HEADACHE, I JUST SIMPLY CAN'T THINK.

The Boy Friend: THAT'S FINE. WE'LL GO TO THE MOVIES.

### Night Final to Match

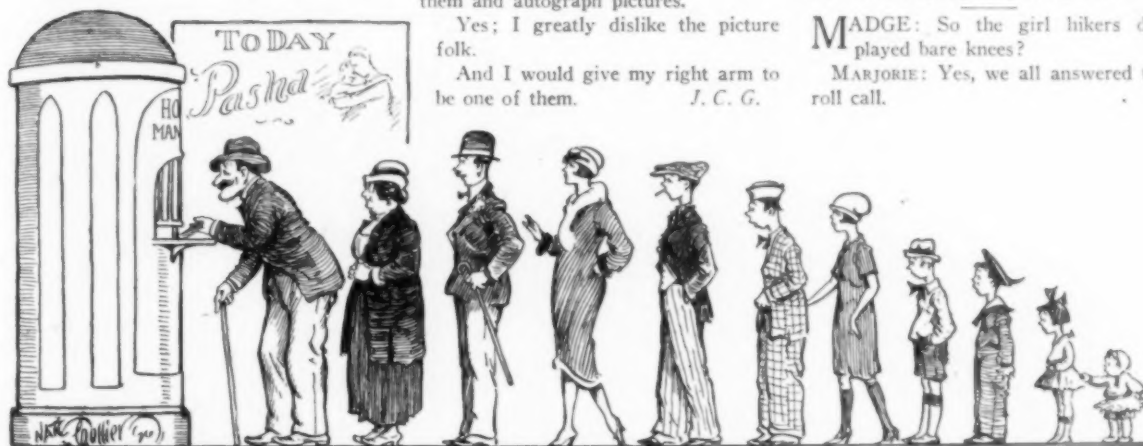
MRS.: Get me an evening paper while you are out, will you, dear?

MR.: Certainly, love; what one would you like?

MRS.: Oh, any one that will go well with my coral evening frock.

MADGE: So the girl hikers displayed bare knees?

MARJORIE: Yes, we all answered the roll call.



DOWN THROUGH THE AGES



#### TRYING FOR THE FRONT PAGE

*Movie Star:* YES, I WAS GOING FIFTY MILES.

*Traffic Officer (smiling):* OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT, LADY, JUST FORGET IT.

*Movie Star:* BUT I TELL YOU I WAS GOING EIGHTY MILES.

### Conversations with Mary Ellen

#### The Terrible Situation in France

"I'M so glad you've come," said Mary Ellen, as she poured me out a cup of tea.

"Yes?" said I, hopefully. "You've finally decided that you'll marry me?"

"Don't be silly," said Mary Ellen. "It's about the French financial situation."

"What's about the French financial situation?" I asked, my spirits drooping.

"I don't understand it at all and I want you to explain it to me. They were talking about it at dinner last night and I had to sit there like a dumbbell. ...Now begin."

"Sure you wouldn't rather have me make love to you?"

"You're not at all funny," said Mary Ellen, "except when you don't try to be."

So I began. "You see, the French didn't tax themselves as the other nations—" I noticed Mary Ellen pouting.

"What's the matter?"

"I thought you were more observant," said Mary Ellen. "Here I've been almost pushing my new dress out at you and you haven't said a word about it."

"It is beautiful," I replied, "but then, you beautify every dress so—"

"Go on with the French," said Mary Ellen.

"Well, as I was saying, the French taxes—"

"Paris has as many taxis as New York now."

"I'm speaking of taxes, not taxis."

"Well, it has! I never thought I'd get across any street alive. And such pirates—terrible pirates."

"Well, the French didn't tax—"

"Speaking of pirates, have you seen 'The Black Pirate'—you know, Douglas Fairbanks' new picture?"

"Yes. Now when the French—"

"They say he'll make a fortune out of it. But he deserves it. He gives so much pleasure to the millions. After

all, what better thing can a man do than give pleasure to the millions? Unless it's to make one person really completely happy. Do you think he does that? I mean, do you think he makes Mary Pickford really completely happy?"

"She looks happy," I said.

"Ah, but that doesn't prove anything. Women hide their feelings. I wonder if I'd be happy with him."

"No! You wouldn't be happy with any one but—"

Mary Ellen eyed me sternly. "You were going to tell me about the French situation."

"The low taxes—" I began again dutifully.

"Do you know, when I'm low the only thing that helps me is to dance." She looked up brightly. "Say, how would you like to dance now—?"

I left her at the Ritz. As she swung off with another partner—I had to go—I heard her murmur: "I'm so glad you're here. I want you to explain to me all about that terrible situation in France. Though I beg and beg nobody seems willing to make it clear to me."

"Well, you see, it's the taxes," began the young man.

I heard no more. Bertram Bloch.

#### Everybody Knows One

BERRY: I know a man who knows nothing about baseball, yet never misses a game.

TERRY: Sure—I saw him play short-stop yesterday!



WHEN THE OPERATOR GOT THE THRILLING CLIMAX UPSIDE DOWN.





Another Movie Tragedy  
The man who sat in David Wark Griffith's chair.



PRESIDENT COOLIDGE EMPLOYS A DOUBLE

### A Girl's Confession

I LOVE to read the *SatEvePost*  
As in my bath I warmly toast,  
The faucet forms a splendid rack;  
Far-sighted, I lean idly back.  
Should in the tub some pages trickle,  
Who cares? I'm only out a nickel.

Sylvia Lyon.

MIDDLE WESTERN cities report motor camping started quite early this year. Of course, these early tourists may have been merely prudent souls on their way to get parking places at next fall's football games.

### LIFE'S Glossary of the Movies

**A**DAPTATION—The business of murdering a dead masterpiece.

*Animal comedy*—The humor of human actions forcefully presented by animals who imitate us.

*Art*—Consult the smart and highbrow journals.

*Author*—The little worm that spun the original yarn.

*Captions*—Words used to eke out the story when actions fail. Also used by David Griffith for educating the masses.

*Close-up*—Interruption in the story to enable audience to view the unusual

sight of a tear coursing down the heroine's cheek.

*Censorship*—Don't make me laugh.

*Continuity*—Came the dawn...later...after twenty years.

*Dual rôle*—Device for enabling the star to stay on the screen twice as long as desirable.

*Fading in and out*—A movie director's idea of Art.

*Iris*—Device for calling attention of morons to the bloody dagger.

*Pantomime*—What the best actors use instead of subtitles.

*Publicity*—The startling information that Miss Josie Jocelyn likes nothing better than to curl up on the sofa with a good book.

*Scenario*—Compromise achieved by the director and the star over the dying author's body.

*Technicolor*—Device for showing things in their natural colors, e.g., red water, green sky, blue trees, and pink heroines.

*Epic*—Film that contains a Babylonian revel, a scene where the boys march off to war, and a thunderstorm.

W. L. Werner.



First Twin: NO, SIR; I AIN'T HEARD NO DOG IN THIS CAR, SIR.

### Social Clemency

THEY say in England that it takes three generations to make a gentleman; but in America you get two generations off for good behavior.

"I'M going to give you this violin."  
"An out-and-out gift?"

"Absolutely! No strings to it!"

# The Younger Married Set

## II. "Ye Mummies"

By  
George S.  
Chappell

**W**OOF! The town went drama last week and the Country Club set is still rocking on its base. A hectic time was had by all.

Of course, Bert Hoofner, the well-known roustabout, figured largely—but I mustn't bring him in so early, for our big Drama Night really began long ago with the formation of Ye Mummies.

Ye Mummies is, —or are—a select and exclusive play-acting organization which came into being not without some travail. How different things are now from the old days when frivolous farces were given, not by those who could act, but by those who would. For vim and vigor we relied solely on artificial aids to inspiration supplied at supper-parties by members of the Shaker Colony. Disorder reigned supreme.

Then, into our merry midst came Wallace Onderdonck, who hurled a critical bombshell at the close of our spirited and spirituous performance of "Hattie's Hoopskirt," when he said austere, "It's terrible—the worst I have ever seen." Blasphemy!!! No one before had ever said anything but, "You were all wonderful!"

But Onderdonck is a personage. He has an air and wears horn-rimmed dimmers on a silk leash. Mrs. Bemis clinched his status. "He once lived in a stable in Greenwich Village," she whispered.

Willie Tripp, eminent stepper-out, protested. "He may know a lot about stalls but that doesn't make him a stage-horse."

Willie's wisecracks did not save him. He and all other roughnecks were canned. "Save them for the Minstrel Show," said Wallace

coldly. "That's where they belong." It is curious how every man thinks that a coat of burnt-cork conceals the fact that he is oreyyed.

Thus Ye Mummies, born amid dissension and strife, has grown. Last week's affair was to have been its triumph and vindication, the blooming of a cast advertised as "all-star."

"All-star!" snickered Willie Tripp. "Remember our old five-star casts in which I played both the Haig Brothers?"

Rumor of troubles over play-selection found Czar Onderdonck adamant.

"Short plays are the thing," he said. "Ye Mummies must be progressive."

The *Weekly Bulletin* (our local journal) finally announced a triple bill in a pretty piece written by Miss Enid Flamm, millinery and reporting, whose literary style matches her hats.

"Dame Rumor whispers," wrote Miss Flamm, "that 'Ye Mummies,' under the direction of Mr. Wallace Onderdonck, will offer for their Gala Night at the Country Club a sumptuous and varied banquet of dramatic fare. Three play-

lets will compose the courses of the feast, so to speak. First we shall see and hear the dainty 'Dialogue in Dresden,' in which the

décor is an old-fashioned 'what-not' upon which are seated two figures—

ONDERDONCK ANNOUNCED HIS OWN PIECE."

Daphnis and Chloe. Between them a clock ticks out the minutes between Midnight and 1 A.M. (Daylight Saving time), when all good figurines 'come alive.' The dialogue which ensues is a delicious bit of fooling, tender, romantic and artistic.

"In contrast with this is the second offering, 'Sea Fruit,' a sombre adaptation from the Russian of Gorky. We see the cottage of Boris Mollusk, a Caspian crab-catcher, whose son Ivan has been drowned. This intriguing genre study has a surprise ending. The bill concludes with a thriller, 'The Wrong Flat,' by our own Wallace Onderdonck,

who, in addition to his other duties, will play the stellar rôle. In our next issue we hope to be able to give details of the various casts to whose appearance we look forward with lively anticipation."

As general preparations went forward Onderdonck grew paler and more irritable. The poor wretch had built up a complicated organization with departments for scenery, lights, props, program, ushers, tickets.... It was a great machine, only things kept happening to it.

The night before the show Agnes Libby, one of the stars, ran into a closet door and bent her bridgework so badly



*IN this installment, Mr. Chappell describes the awful effects of the cosmetic urge on the members of the younger married set. Any one who has ever borne a torch in the Little Theatre Movement will appreciate the harrowing scenes described herein.*

*The Ladies' Tennis Tournament will take place next week.*

*Illustrated by Gluyas Williams*



"DOC PETTNER AND MRS. BEMIS IN BUCOLIC SILKS AND SATINS."

that Hattie Farwell had to be rushed into the part of *Petroushka Mollusk*. Hattie has red hair and freckles, and Wallace said savagely, "You're not at all the type but you'll have to do." There were tears, apologies, late rehearsals... it was hell.

It was during this hectic period that Bert Hoofner worked himself into the proceedings. Wallace loathed him because whenever he, Wallace, took his train in the morning Bert would yell out, "The old family stage-coach is now leaving for the big city!" But Bert was so infernally useful. When Wallace discovered at the eleventh hour that the chairs hadn't been ordered, it was Bert who said he would get them—and did, by telling the undertaker that it was the most important funeral that had ever happened out our way. Then Horace Bemis had to drop out of "The Wrong Flat" at the last moment. Who could play his part? Bert Hoofner! He was made for it. Wallace explained his part. "You come in at the big moment. You find the Woman, whom you suppose to be your wife, in my arms. You shoot her."

Bert was so enthusiastic about the rôle that he rehearsed by himself at the Club and fired off a Colt .45 within three feet of a tea-party. Mrs. Doc Pettner tossed a cup of the scalding beverage high in air and caught it on her chest.

Well, the Big Night finally arrived. The programs didn't, so ever-ready Bert was elected to announce the events. Out in front the audience was writhing impatiently.

"Listen to those chairs," wailed Onderdonck. "Can't they be oiled or something?"

Bert soothed him. "Be calm, old boy, the audience is oiled... I'll go out and tell them the bad news."

His opening line, "Unaccustomed as I am to public squeaking—" was riotously received, as was his explanation that though the first



"BERT WAS SO ENTHUSIASTIC THAT HE REHEARSED BY HIMSELF AT THE CLUB."

piece contained a shepherd and a shepherdess it was not a crook melodrama. However, after a burst of applause at the sight of Doc Pettner and Mrs. Bemis in bucolic silks and satins, the audience sank into a lethargy from which they were only plucked by one of those things that will happen. This time it was the great clock, be-

tween the figurines, the hands of which were supposed to move around the dial. The property-man, that half-witted Libby boy, forgot them until roused by the couplet,

"But see, the hour is nearly one;

Our Midnight holiday is done..." when he rushed to the back of the dial and whirled the hands around with one fell swoop, amid cries of "How time flies!" "Atta-clock!" etc.

After a prodigious crashing of scenery we next gazed upon the crab-catcher's cottage. "Sea Fruit" had fairly rough going but even the turbulent element was stilled by the bringing in of *Ivan's* body (Ralph Coit) in a pine kimono. "How well he matches these undertaker's chairs," said Willie Tripp, and was shushed severely. A bitter dialogue followed between *Boris* and *Petroushka* which was interrupted by *Father Paul*, a priest, who said reasonably, "Hasn't the boy been here long enough?" That the cadaver should have sneezed at this moment was not Ralph's fault—there's been a lot of 'flu out our way—but it brought down the house and the curtain simultaneously and supplied the "surprise ending" mentioned by Miss Flamm.

Onderdonck announced his own piece, not proposing to submit it to the heavy handling of Hoofner.

"I have tried to show," he said, "the tragic consequences of Error fumbling blindly at the door of Mischance."

We now gazed at a handsome apartment, every detail of which expressed sinful luxury. Our more conservative citizens squeaked uneasily and stole glances at Dr. Vetch, whose neck grew rosy over his clerical collar. A painted lady, "The Woman," played timidly by Ruby Pettner, was awaiting a call from "The Man" (Wallace Onderdonck), who, it was whispered, was her lover. Fancy that!

Wallace entered. There was nothing (Cont. on page 30)



"OUR MORE CONSERVATIVE CITIZENS SQUEAKED UNEASILY."



## Movie Lovers

THE lady in the tenth row is much too near.

The lady in the fifth row is too far away.

The lady in the twelfth row has quite a good ear.

The lady in the ninth row was married to-day.

The lady on the side aisle can't see  
a thing.

The lady in the gallery *abhors* the parterre.

The lady in the loge wishes some one  
would sing.

The lady in the dress circle's just  
bobbed her hair.

The lady in the red hat is scented too high.

The lady in the green dress is showing a knee.

That's what you see and that's what  
you hear.

What's on the program? Well, don't ask me! *Baron Ireland.*

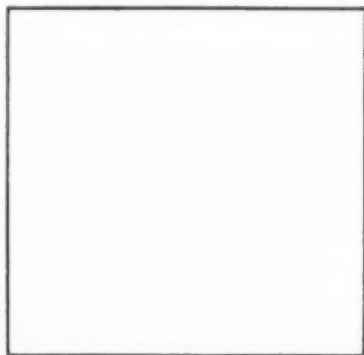


## Apostasy

AFTER twenty-seven years as a faithful reader of the *Daily War-whoop*, Henry Bandygoof lost his faith in his favorite afternoon newspaper. He had believed it when it said that Capital and Labor had a common cause, that the city was enjoying its most efficient police administration, and that the French never intended to pay us, and he never questioned its weather reports or its stock quotations.

But Henry finally became convinced of the venality of the press. It was on the day that the *Warhoop* printed the wrong Mutuel price on Fair Day in the fifth race at Churchill Downs.

Edwin H. Blanchard.



WHAT A MOVIE INGENUE THINKS ABOUT

*Movie Director (to beautiful-but-dumb star):* RAGE! SHOW RAGE! ACT LIKE YOU WAS A PROHIBITION OFFICER WHO'S HAD TO PAY CASH FOR SOME LIQUOR!

## Explainable

“EVERYTHING in men's wearables”—to quote a current advertisement—is obtainable at a certain New York shop. Wearable, you should know, differ quite radically from ordinary clothes. Wearables are the sort of thing worn only by buyables. These buyables represent the more favored few among us livables who can afford wearables. The buyable of wearables breakfasts on eatables, goes to his place of business in a rideable, spends the morning directing the activities of his workables, repairs to luncheon of more eatables (including vegetables), with usually one or two congenial knowables for company. He then returns for further labors among the employables, only to be found later mingling with his fellow clubables and perhaps partaking even of a drink

able or two. As a dinner guest or theatre companion he rates well up among the desirables, being a chap of the knowable, likable, get-at-able, inevitable sort. Thus the buyer and wearer of wearables is certain to be numbered among the foremost presentables on all occasions. This is what the wearing of wearables does for a man, if you know what we mean.

Foster Ware.

## Feminine Reserve

**H**E: What happened when Bill called on you last night?

SHE: Necks to nothing.

"HOW did Senator Dodge lose his popularity?"

"He expressed a definite opinion."



THE YOUNG PRETENDER

"MOTHER, WHEN I GROW UP I'M GOING TO MARRY MARY PICKFORD."  
 "BUT SHE'S ALREADY MARRIED TO DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS."  
 "OH—THAT'S ALL RIGHT. I CAN GET RID OF HIM!"



THE GRADUATING CLASS OF ASSISTANT DIRECTORS SPELL THE NAME OF THEIR COLLEGE

## On Hirsute Flawlessness

I MUCH admire the realistic touches  
 As practiced by the more efficient men  
 In all the better moving pictures, such as  
 "A Woman of Paris," "Greed," "Kiss Me  
 Again."  
 I yield applause in honor to each actor  
 And actress who performs with truth and  
 care;  
 But here is an objectionable factor:  
 How is it that they never muss their hair?

The screen flickers. A lady wakes from  
 slumber,  
 Dismal and unappealing is her room;  
 I note delightedly the lavish number  
 Of objects quite veracious in their gloom.  
 Her nightgown has a torn and trailing border;  
 She yawns; she has a most untidy air;  
 And yet her tresses are in perfect order!  
 How is it that they never muss their hair?

Regard this youth. You've really got to doff  
 your  
 Chapeau to him for keeping so intact  
 The glory of his scintillating coiffure  
 In spite of all the villains he has whacked.  
 Long and unceasingly the man has scuffled,  
 Bitter and fierce has been his eyes' wild  
 glare,  
 But still his head is utterly unruffled.  
 How is it that they never muss their hair?

Simonetta.

## The Straw

"THE jury has found you guilty of  
 murder in the first degree," pro-  
 nounced the Judge, grimly. "The pen-  
 alty is death!"

The coldest-blooded murderer of mod-  
 ern times wilted not a wilt.

"But because of your aged mother,"  
 Justice droned on, "I am commuting your  
 sentence to life imprisonment at hard  
 labor."

The prisoner moved not a muscle. Not  
 the slightest show of emotion.

"During which you are specifically for-  
 bidden to write for the confessional mag-  
 azines!"

Uttering a piteous cry for mercy, the  
 doomed man collapsed.

Ray W. Frohman.

## Penalty of Insignificance

MARSH: Here's one name on the  
 committee that I never heard of.

WEBSTER: Oh, that's probably the per-  
 son who actually does the work.



**NOT THE TYPE**  
*Small Movie Fan:* G'WAN, YOU CAN'T  
KID ME! I GUESS I KNOW A SHEIK  
WHEN I SEE ONE.

## · Standing Up for the Movies

I EXCHANGED my sixty cents for a bit of lavender pasteboard and took my place in the line headed for balcony seats. I had ambition, grit, and a high moral courage, and actually expected to see the film.

After about three hours' steady stair-climbing in close lock-step, I emerged into a dimly lighted, low-ceilinged room at the top of the theatre, where some 10,000 men and women were standing about looking dejectedly at the floor. It was a dismal sight, and reminded me of the madhouse scene in "Peer Gynt." From behind an unusually dense mass of people at one side came faint sounds of music and laughter.

"That's the show over there," explained an elderly man, pointing to the north. "Never seen it myself, but I guess it's pretty amusing from what I hear. Some say it's about a ship; others, about a Northwest logging camp. You hear all sorts of rumors. Knew a man once who saw a hand on the screen."

Looking about me, I noticed what seemed to be an encampment. In one corner an elderly man and his wife were cooking their supper before an open fire

in front of a tent made of old overcoats. Near by a young mother was rocking her baby to sleep.

"If you really want to know what the picture's about," my friend contin-



A STONE AGE SCENARIO

ued, "the best way is to get one of your kids to crawl between the legs of the people around the aisle entrances, and then listen to what he tells you."

"But I haven't any children," I stammered.

"Oh, that's all right," he answered; "they come in time. We've got a very select community up here. Why don't you settle down and marry? I'm sure you'll like it better and better as the years go on. I was born here myself. Better settle down, son, and forget about the show...."

"FIRE!" I shouted at the top of my lungs. "FIRE!! FIRE!!!" and leaped over the banisters onto the heads of the never-ending stream of newcomers.

\*\*\*

Yes, I'm quite recovered by now, thank you.

*Creighton Peet.*

## Loggerheads

WHAT, another row with your wife! What's the trouble this time?"

"The same old thing—she's right and I don't agree with her."

# Life's Travel Contest

MISS JOAN KINLEY is now in Paris, keeping her eyes open and reporting the more familiar sights in her letters to the readers of LIFE. Joan, as we have explained, is only sixteen—and a trifle dumb. Her letters are full of inaccuracies—misstatements of fact—which result from her inexperience as a reporter.

You are invited to look for these mistakes in Joan's letters, and to correct them. That is the idea of the Travel Contest. The contestant who finds the greatest number of mistakes in Joan's eight letters, and writes the best essay on "What I Shall See in Europe," will be given a trip abroad, with all expenses paid, for two people.

Read the conditions carefully. Remember that no answers to this Contest are to be submitted until Joan's eighth letter is published on June 24th.



"I SAW THE EIFFEL TOWER," WRITES JOAN, "WHICH WAS BUILT DURING THE WAR AS A DEFENSE AGAINST AIR RAIDS. IT IS ALMOST AS TALL AS THE WOOLWORTH BUILDING."

The winner of this Contest will be presented with a six-weeks' trip from any point in the United States or Canada to France and England and return—with ALL EXPENSES PAID, FOR TWO PEOPLE.

There will be a second prize of \$250 in cash, a third prize of \$150, and a fourth prize of \$100.

## Conditions

ONE of Joan's letters will appear each week for eight consecutive weeks, commencing May 6th and closing June 24th. In each letter will be errors and inaccuracies in her descriptions of routes, places, directions, etc., and on detection of these mistakes, not grammatical errors, or the use of slang, the Contest is based.

In order to compete it will be necessary to send in at one time the complete set of her letters (or exact typewritten copies) with your correction of each error plainly marked on its letter or on an accompanying sheet of paper.

The first prize will be awarded to the contestant who indicates the greatest number of errors in Joan's letters and who writes the best essay on "What I Shall See in Europe." This essay, which must not exceed three hundred words in length, is to be enclosed with the corrected letters.

All answers to this Contest must reach LIFE Office between 9 A.M. on June 24th and 12 noon on July 13th. No answers received at any other time will be considered as competing in the Contest.

Use one side of paper only, with your name and address in upper left-hand corner of each sheet; both essay and corrections to be typewritten or very plainly written; full first-class postage prepaid thereon, and sent to Joan Kinley, LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York.

Announcement of the winners will appear in the August 5th issue of LIFE.

It is not necessary to be a subscriber to LIFE in order to compete. Copies of LIFE may be seen at any Public Library, or free of charge at the office of publication. You may copy the letters and use the copies you have made.

There is no limit to the number of answers that any one contestant may submit.

The Contest is open to every one, except members of LIFE's staff and their families.

The judges will be three of the editors of LIFE, whose decision will be final.

In case of ties the prize will be given to each tying contestant.

## This Is Joan's Third Letter—Watch for the Mistakes

DEAR Editor:

Well, Paris is just simply *too divine* for words. I only wish I were a great poet like Milton who wrote that "Ode on First Looking at Chapman's Homer," so that I could describe my sensations on first looking at Paris.

Of course, what attracted my attention right off the "bat" was the Eiffel Tower, which was built during the war as a defense against air raids. It is almost as tall as the Woolworth Building.

The whole city of Paris is full of impressive reminders of the Great War. There is the Arc de Triomphe, which was put up to celebrate the victory over Von Hindenburg, and the Statue of our splendid General Pershing in the Place d'e Iena.

We went to a French party and there I met a direct descendant of Jeanne d'Arc, that heroine whose life of idealism and sacrifice is a constant *inspiration* to me! We also saw the place where the Bastille fell. None of the ruins remain, and so it must have been a really *devastating* earthquake.

Paris is really *too* amusing, but Mother is worried about me because I *will* talk to all the taxi-drivers. I've always been thrilled by the story of their exploits in driving their cabs to the Battle of Sedan.

Lovingly,

Joan Kinley

P. S. I'll write you again from Paris next week.





THE GAY NINETIES

THE TÊTE-À-TÊTE CHAIR AND THE DANCE PROGRAM WITH ITS LITTLE PENCIL ON A SILKEN CORD  
—TWO FINE OLD INSTITUTIONS THAT HAVE GONE TO JOIN THE DODO BIRD.

## The Nesting Season

—WELL, the one I saw had the cutest drop-leaf breakfast table, but my kitchen cabinet wouldn't have gone in; Aunt Myrtle's gift, you know, and we simply can't afford to offend her, so I had to—

—First floor, and a private door to the porch, and it did seem ideal! But, my dear, when we looked into the bathroom there was no tub, only a shower, and although Bob liked that, of course I decided—

—Only forty-five, but a horrid, stuffy little efficiency; and although the bay window was lovely, it was a northwest corner and sure to be cold in winter, so—

—Yes, it is rather far out, but Ethel says it's really cheaper, after you get to know the right stores, and where we are now everybody acts so disagreeable because poor

Fluffy barks all day in the apartment, and I'm sure the fresh air will be better for—

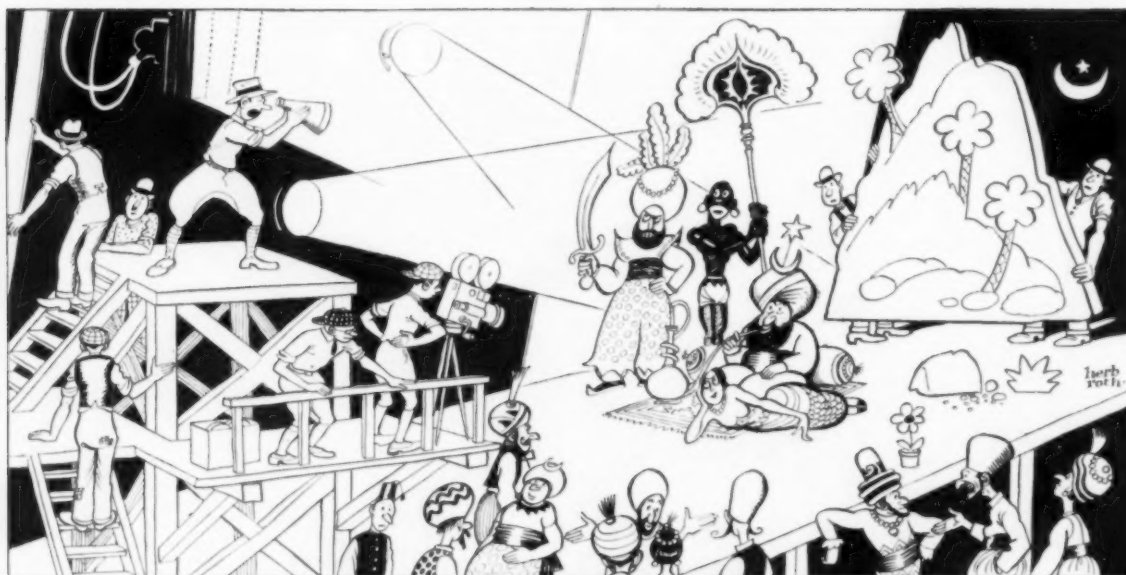
—The only thing is, where could we put Cousin Aurelia? After giving us that check, she'll be sure to want to stay with us when she's in town, and there isn't an inch—

—Not a place to hang anything on the walls, but then they say that pictures aren't being used any more, so I might as well get rid of mine and take it, for the location is just what we—

*Corinne Rockwell Swain.*

## Her Permanent

MR. Highbrow: King Canute tried to stop the waves.  
MR. Lowbrow: Yes, but I'll bet his wife went on getting them just the same.



ACCOMPLISHING THE IMPOSSIBLE

Director: HI, YOU BOYS, SHOVE THAT MOUNTAIN ABOUT TEN FEET CLOSER TO MAHOMET, WILL YOU?

### Collecting a Claim

**A**PRIL 26—File claim with insurance company for \$226.33, cost of repairing your car after accident.

May 19—Advise insurance company, in response to request for particulars, that car bearing license number, N. Y., 28,371,652, Biffem J. Biffem, owner, driving, attempted to pass truck on hill, ascending, and while so doing crashed into you, descending.

May 28—Advise insurance company Biffem J. Biffem's present address is County Jail, Roadhog County, where he is spending thirty days for reckless driving, but if they don't hurry they'll miss him.

June 9—Extend condolences to insurance company for missing connections with Biffem J. Biffem, and advise you don't know where he can be found now, unless he's been driving his car again, in which case he may be in almost any hospital.

July 7—Explain to insurance company that your car was seriously damaged; it did not proceed under its own power after accident, as Mr. Biffem claims; it merely rolled downhill, where, fortunately, there was a garage, and three exceptionally strong mechanics pushed it in.

Aug. 16—Forward to insurance company receipted bill for \$226.33, from Gypsem Garage, for repairs to one Fritz Six.

Sept. 3—Write insurance company expressing regret that Mr. Biffem is at present in Europe, but inquire what this

has to do with their forwarding check in amount due for damages.

Oct. 9—Acknowledge receipt of notice that annual premium is due for next twelve months. Tell company to deduct the \$83.56 from amount of your claim.

Oct. 24—Advise insurance company you will not send check for \$83.56 for premiums due. It might be, as they say, simpler for them, but not for you.

Nov. 10—Advise company, if they want their expert to inspect car, he must apply to Fritz Six agency for information as to its whereabouts. You traded it in on new model last month.

Dec. 15—Write insurance company advising you'll be hanged if you'll settle for one cent less than the repairs cost.

Dec. 20—Drop note to company wishing claim agent Merry Christmas.

Jan. 25—Acknowledge receipt of insurance company's check for \$37.29 in full settlement of all claims.

James Kevin McGuinness.

### The Pacifier

**M**ANAGER: So our employees got into a heated argument over Prohibition? How was it settled?

Boss: By the five o'clock whistle.



"UGH! WOMEN!"

## Our Greater Camps

*The 1926 Model of "Life's Fresh Air" Communities*

LET'S begin to think of Summer now!

Summer—with all its terrors for the children of New York's tenements!

Very soon it will be time to open again LIFE's Camps as an answer to those heartbreak-days in the slums. LIFE's Camps—a Camp for Boys at Pottersville, New Jersey, and a Camp for Girls at Branchville, Connecticut.

We use the word *Camps* for these holiday places because they conform, in all that is best, most efficient and most beneficial, to the great camp movement which is so justly popular in America to-day.

Our aim is to take to the Camps this Summer many of the children who were there last year, so that these holidays may prove not merely incidents but vital and constructive parts of their lives. During the Winter we have kept in touch with LIFE's children through an able system of personal contact.

Children—especially the little people whom we pick up in the ill-smelling, humid, crowded streets of the Lower East Side—need so many things besides just "fresh air" and glimpses of trees and fields!

OUR Camps give them these and much more—as the result of scientific development and of your unceasing generosity. They receive, for instance—

Better health—based on examinations, diet, supervision, proper exercise and a close study of every child. This sort of health-betterment carries over into the next Winter, lending greater resistance to the dangerous conditions of tenement life.

And happiness! We try to give them this. We have counselors—trained, kindly and enthusiastic—who are their friends and who lead them, through their games and camp activities, to a sense of fairness and honor.

With better health and more real happiness we claim that these little boys and girls make better youthful citizens—that they become just so many youngsters permanently removed from possible affiliation with "gangs" and weaklings.

But—this is not achieved in a week, nor indeed in two weeks.

A tenement-bred child, suddenly facing his new world with us in the country, needs a bit longer to adjust himself. All his life is different at Camp. His well-chosen, clean food is a new diet. His regular hours are in the nature of a shock to him. He has to wash his hands and comb his hair before meals. He has to bathe every day and wear night clothes in bed. He has to be polite and "watch his manners." He learns that good Camp work is rewarded and that shirking and dishonesty are scorned by his pals and his counselors.

IN a word, he is face to face with the meaning of "good citizen" and "good government."

Do you think that even a taste of this can be really acquired in two weeks? We don't!



"PLEASE, CAN MY 'TOITILE' AND ME GO BACK TO LIFE'S CAMP THIS YEAR?"

So, we have decided to divide the vacation season at both Camps—beginning July 1st and lasting ten weeks—into four periods, or approximately eighteen days for each child. *Eighteen wonderful days!*

We deem this longer holiday a scientific and economical advance over the old fortnight. Your money will earn much, much more in the long run.

THE lengthened stay means, of course, a greater outlay per child—twenty dollars would be a good average figure, although, as of old, anything from a few cents up to thousands of dollars will be received with gratitude. Every penny helps.

The great point is, we plan to take at least one thousand three hundred and fifty boys and girls this Summer (more than we have ever had before) and keep them a longer time under our wing.

In one thousand three hundred and fifty little hearts beauty and joy and friendliness will have a chance to blossom; and that many little bodies will have a chance to grow strong.

That's a lot!

That's the sort of thing that our readers have been doing, with slight variations of the figures, for over forty years.

KEEP open a little corner of your hearts wherein to drop some thoughts about these children and their dependence upon you. Put aside a little corner of your purse wherein to drop such nickels and such dollars as you can spare for them.

Very soon the pale, palpitant line will be standing at the gate in the big Railway Depot waiting to be whisked away to green fields and pastures new.

You hold some child's ticket—or a part of it—in your hand.

If those corners of your heart and your purse are already overflowing, please send your check to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. At any rate—

Let's begin to think of Summer now. Summer—with all its terrors for the children of New York's tenements!

L. A. F.



MAY 20, 1926

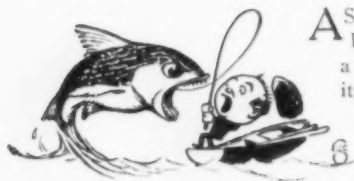
VOL. 87. 2272

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*

Published by  
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY  
598 Madison Avenue, New York

CHARLES DANA GIBSON, *President*

R. E. SHERWOOD, *Editor*  
F. D. CASEY, *Art Editor*

CLAIR MAXWELL, *Vice-President*LANGHORNE GIBSON, *Secretary and Treasurer*

AS this issue of LIFE goes to press a number of activities have started, the results of which cannot be foreseen. The big one

of the lot is the general strike in England with four and a half million men out, coal mining stopped, railroads not running, newspapers not published.

When English union labor declared a general strike Mr. Baldwin said: "The government finds itself challenged by an alternative government." He had done what he could, he said, and the strike, as he saw it, was "the entrance of democratic freedom on a course which, if successful, can only substitute tyranny." Lloyd George took the view that the situation was "not a revolution, but a plain economic dispute in which justice is wanted." Ramsay MacDonald said that the capitalist machine had broken down, and that the job that pressed was "to transform British capitalism into something higher which will justify itself." "I believe," he said, "in historical evolution for the British Isles. I do not believe in revolution for this country. We have a democracy here and do not need revolution, but we have a class conflict: the worst thing that can overtake society." Mr. Baldwin's government he called a powerful, smoothly organized reaction. No British government in his time, he said, had mishandled the real business of the nation more than this one had. In his opinion the single idea of the Tories was to shift the financial burden of government from the backs of the well-to-do to those of the masses.

As to the coal problem, which has brought all this trouble to a head, one

reads words of a Yorkshireman quoted from the *Yale News*: "The miners are the worst-paid workers in England. The coal owners have been condemned officially as an incompetent body of men, and the whole system of private ownership has been disastrously wasteful."

MR. MACDONALD, as observed, does not think well of Mr. Baldwin's government, but a great many people and newspapers, both in this country and in England, think very well of Mr. Baldwin. He seems to win the kind of approbation that Mr. Coolidge gets in this country. Mr. MacDonald is for labor and he has a case; but Mr. Baldwin looks to be for England, and he has a case too, and has besides a very high-grade thoughtful-businessman's intelligence.

Now, then, what will our cousins make of this situation? Will it be all over before this paper comes to its readers, or will it have gone from bad to worse? We know what happened in Italy. Labor broke loose there, quit its job, nothing was being done and along came the Fascisti and Mussolini with black shirts and castor oil and got things moving again, and they are moving still and are as satisfactory to a large part of the public and to most visitors as Prohibition is to Judge Gary. But liberty in Italy is considerably exanimate. Free speech for the time being is defunct. Black shirts and force may do something in England, but nothing in that island will be permanently purchased at the cost of free speech and the other necessary particulars of liberty.

As one looks over there from the convenient distance of 3,000 miles, the expectation arises that this strike will be settled soon. It looks too big to

last. If it goes on and goes strong, it means universal loss. The threat of a general strike had to be met; one can see that, but the case of the miners must somehow be medicated, and the natural medication seems to be to buy the mines.



THE predicament of John Adams Abbott of Boston, direct descendant of the illustrious Adamases of that town, and also of the by-no-means-to-be-sniffed-at Abbott family of the same city, immured in Italy on the accusation of a guide for speaking disrespectfully of Mussolini, has engaged the attention of all our newspapers, but especially, of course, of those published in Boston. Happily the papers announce that Mr. Abbott has been found innocent of the offenses charged and let out of jail. He has had more political notices than any Adams has had for a generation. From what one read about him and from his picture as the papers print it, the impression is produced that he would make a pretty good Black Shirt himself. It is possible that he fell into overemphasis in rebuking a Roman guide, but so far as appears he has done nothing discreditable to the country of his origin.



KNOWLEDGE and happiness are both increased by the return of Ding's cartoons to the newspapers. Those pictures have an ineradicable propensity to speak the truth. That is their great value and of course it adds to it that they minister so copiously to entertainment.

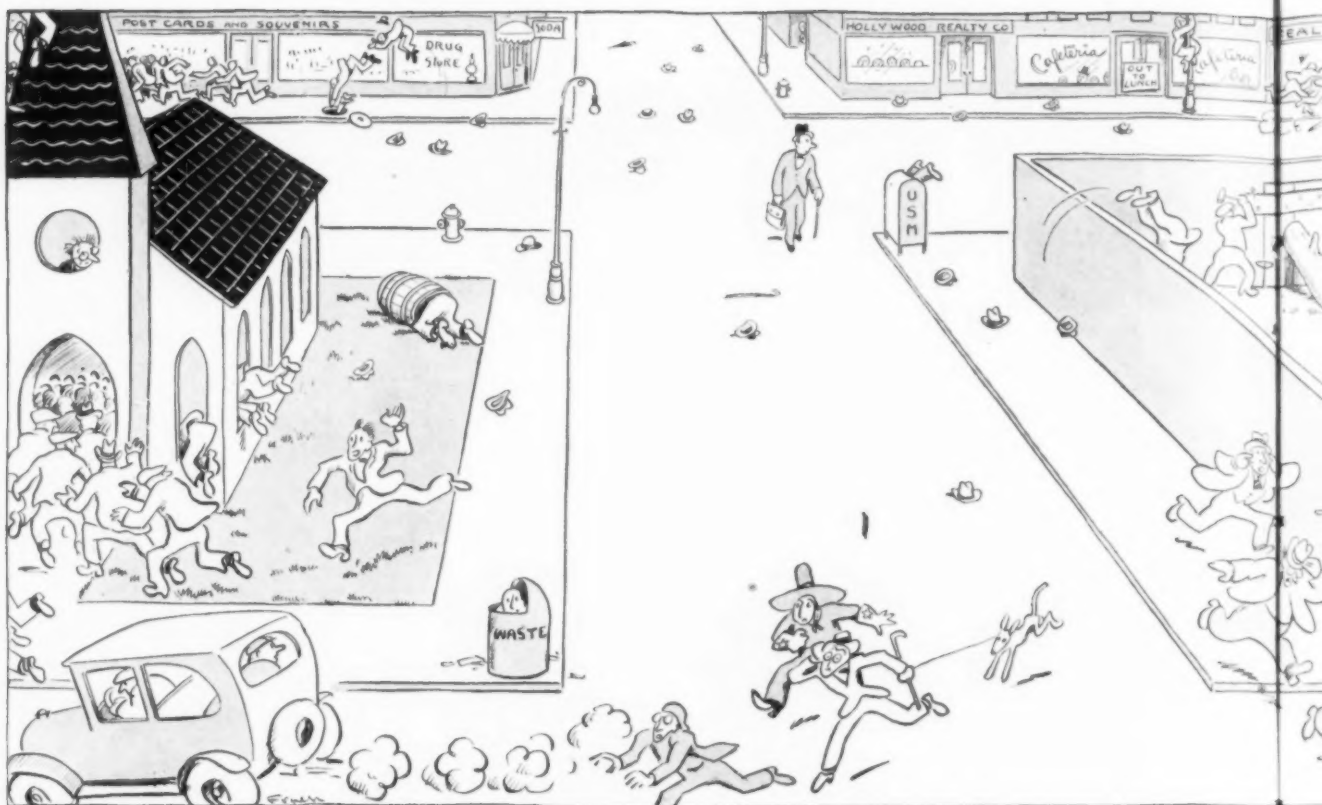
OSCAR STRAUS has died. He lived a good while and to excellent purpose. He was strong for social service, skilful in diplomacy, especially in Southeastern Europe, greatly respected by politicians and highly competent in business. This last he had to be because he was a copious and steady giver. He was a Democrat and a Republican in turn. A Jew, born in Germany, he was esteemed and honored by whichever party he cast his lot with. Put him down as a successful man.

E. S. Martin.





Hands Across the Sea



A Stranger with an Original Idea Enters Hollywood

## The Later Life of Rip Van Winkle

RIP VAN WINKLE had been home about a month. He was sitting by the fire one evening, dozing, wondering what was going to happen to him now that the world had changed so much, when he was roused by a knock at the door. He opened it, and in the moonlight saw three of the village selectmen, Hans Wruncy, Diedrich van Flomm and Ichabod Trent.

"Come in, neighbors," said Rip cheerfully, though his heart misgave him when he saw the serious mien of all three.

"We are not neighbors to-night," said Diedrich van Flomm, as he took off his great-coat. "We are a Committee."

"We have come," added Wruncy, "to ask you some questions."

"Ah," groaned Rip, "they'll ask me what I am going to do to justify my existence. And when I tell them I have nothing to do they will make me leave town for a common bum and a loafer."

"First," said Ichabod Trent, drawing forth from his pocket a paper from which he now read. "First, are you a firm believer in the Constitution?"

Rip smiled apologetically. "I don't know it," he said. "When I went from here George of Hanover was still king."

"That's all right," cried Diedrich, and the others nodded cheerfully.

When Ichabod Trent had put a check-mark next to the first question he went on to the second.

"What do you know about foreign affairs?" he asked.

"I've never had one," said Rip, attempting a joke.

"Splendid!" they cried.

"And humorous too," added Hans Wruncy. "We must have a drink on that!"

So Rip fetched the brandy.

"Which brings us to the third question," said Ichabod. "What would you say if there was a fuss made about drinking? Would you say that there should be a law forbidding it?"

"What! Give up schnapps and wine?" cried Rip.

"We have not said you must give them up. But suppose a law was wanted prohibiting the other fellow from getting a drink, would you consent to that?"

"Sure," said Rip. "Schnapps isn't the other feller. It's all right for me. I can take it or leave it alone."

"Very neat, the way Rip puts it," said Diedrich. And the others echoed him.

"Now we come to the serious part," said Ichabod. "What do you think about the far money?"

you think he should have a lot of money for his work?"

"Sure," said Rip. "He works hard for it."

"And what would you say if you were asked how much money could be arranged for farmers should get?"

Rip was silent. He waited a moment, then burst into cheers of joy.

"Hooray! He has it! He says nothing! Never was the beautiful silence!"

"The master-mind asserts nothing," said Ichabod. "Nothing!"



NUBBVILLE SPARK

THERE'S A HEAP O' DIFFERENCE BETWEEN BEIN' MOVIE-MAD AN' MOVIE-DISGUSTED.



Hollywood

## Winkle

"Perhaps isn't good for right for me because one." Rip puts it," applauded echoed him. "I'm about the farmer? Do link he should get a lot money for his stuff?" "e," said Rip. "He hard for a." "What would you say were asked how it be arranged that the s should get a lot of

was about. The others a moment and then into cheers of admiration! He has solved e says nothing." er was there such a ul silence!" master-mind! He nothing, he denies

"Rip," said Diedrich, "we have been looking for a man to be head selectman of the village, but we couldn't seem to find one who would satisfy the voters. Then we remembered that you had been asleep for twenty years and we thought you might do. But we never expected you to be as good as you have shown yourself to be. Rip, shake hands."

The rest is history. Everybody knows how overwhelmingly Rip Van Winkle was elected and re-elected, retiring at last only because constant exposure to ideas was beginning to give him pronounced views on a number of things.

*Bertram Bloch.*

### With the Best of Luck

"THERE are too many slackers in the church to-day!" shouted the minister vehemently. "Drop your apathy. We must go over the top, now!"

"And let's give 'em hell, boys," yelled the ex-infantryman, starting up from his doze.

DYER: Was it a good show?  
RYER: No, just decent.

## Life Lines

THE British situation has been bad enough, but reason totters on its throne in contemplating what would happen should the ex-Premiers of France vote a general strike.

—L

Theatrical producers profess to see no menace in the little theatre movement. It's the little audience movement that bothers them at this time of year.

—L

Among those who are not being heard from lately is the revivalist who converted Herrin, Illinois, to the cause of righteousness.

—L

Miss FLORENCE SPREEN, of Brooklyn, in having her suitor, HERMAN ENGELSTADT, arrested because he left three bottles of whisky at her door, explains that she is "just an old-fashioned home girl." New title for Gen. BUTLER—"just an old-fashioned home marine."

—L

Strange that the wines and beer advocates haven't gone back to Genesis 1:3 for their arguments: "And God said, Let there be light: and there was light."

—L

One argument urged in favor of 2.75 per cent. beer is that it will be nice to use as a chaser.

### Worst Fears Realized

YSOBEL: No, daddy, I won't need any clothes this summer.

FATHER: Ye gods! I was afraid it would come to that!

THE man who would not be King—Mussolini.



"HEY, YOU SAP, DON'T LOOK AT THE CAMERA! DO YOU WANT THE PUBLIC TO KNOW THAT VALENTINO IS USING A DOUBLE IN THIS SCENE?"



# Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

## More or Less Serious

**Bride of the Lamb.** *Henry Miller's*—Alice Brady giving a stirring performance in the rôle of a woman who takes her sex vicariously.

**Craig's Wife.** *Morocco*—The winner of the Pulitzer Prize, with very few objections.

**The Great God Brown.** *Klaw*—Eugene O'Neill looks at Man and Life. You don't always know what it is he finds, but it is a beautiful piece of looking.

**The Half-Caste.** *National*—Still running!

**The Jazz Singer.** *Cort*—Singing and sentiment from George Jessel.

**Kongo.** *Biltmore*—Just a lot of the good old hoke, with a kick in it.

**Lulu Belle.** *Belasco*—Lenore Ulric as a dusky vampire who gets hers and gets it good. Henry Hull as Nemesis.

**The Servant in the House.** *Hampden's*—Walter Hampden in a revival of the Charles Rann Kennedy opus.

**Sex.** *Daly's*—Reviewed in this issue.

**The Shanghai Gesture.** *Martin Beck*—Purely physical life in China, with Florence Reed to add a dash of drama now and then.

**Square Crooks.** *Maxine Elliott's*—You can figure out what this is all about from the name.

**Young Woodley.** *Belmont*—Glenn Hunter in a singularly fine story of Love's young dream, with sex undertones.

## Comedy and Things Like That

**Abie's Irish Rose.** *Republic*—Four years old this week. Three ounces of drinking-iodine, please.

**Alias the Deacon.** *Hudson*—Good commercial theatre.

**At Mr. Beam's.** *Guild*—Highly amusing goings-on in an English boarding-house. Jean Cadell, Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt.

**Beau-Strings.** *Mansfield*—Estelle Winwood as the lady who wanted to be friendly.

**Cradle Snatchers.** *Music Box*—Three middle-aged ladies with spring fret.

**The Gorilla.** *Selwyn*—Return engagement of last year's boisterous mystery burlesque.

**The Importance of Being Earnest.** *Comedy*—A good revival of Wilde.

**Is Zat So?** *Chanin's*—Tough talk which is very funny.

**Laff That Off.** *Wallack's*—Good enough to have stuck the season out.

**The Last of Mrs. Cheyney.** *Fulton*—Crook comedy in the very best surroundings, giving Ina Claire a grand chance and Roland Young another.

**Love 'Em and Leave 'Em.** *Sam H. Harris*—Just about as satisfactory a little play as you will find. It deals with department store clerks.

**Love-in-a-Mist.** *Gaiety*—Madge Kennedy getting a lot of laughs into pretty thin quarters.

**Not Herbert.** *Forty-Ninth St.*—Crook melodrama which manages to be funny.

**One of the Family.** *Eltzinger*—Grant Mitchell in a lot of Boston hot-water.

**The Patsy.** *Booth*—Entertaining while you remember it.

**Pomeroy's Past.** *Longacre*—Delightful fluff, with Ernest Truex and Laura Hope Crews.

**The Sport of Kings.** *Lyceum*—To be reviewed next week.

**What Every Woman Knows.** *Bijou*—Helen Hayes making the old play new.

**The Wisdom Tooth.** *Little*—A fantasy which we think is just exactly right.

## Eye and Ear Entertainment

**Bad Habits of 1926.** *Greenwich Village*—Reviewed in this issue.

**By the Way.** *Central*—Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge in an intelligent and entertaining British revue.

**The Cocoanuts.** *Lyric*—Those Marx boys are certainly comical.

**Dearest Enemy.** *Knickerbocker*—Nice music and nice Helen Ford.

**Garrick Gaeties.** *Garrick*—To be reviewed next week.

**The Girl Friend.** *Vanderbilt*—A good, speedy all-around show.

**The Great Temptations.** *Winter Garden*—To be reviewed later.

**Greenwich Village Follies.** *Shubert*—With Moran and Mack—and Tom Howard—any show would be worth seeing.

**Iolanthe.** *Plymouth*—A superb revival of Gilbert and Sullivan.

**Kitty's Kisses.** *Playhouse*—To be reviewed next week.

**A Night in Paris.** *Casino de Paris*—French and American in diverting combination.

**No, No, Nanette.** *Globe*—Oh, tell about it yourself.

**Pinafore.** *Century*—The old favorite done well by.

**Raquel Meller.** *Empire*—The famous Spanish hypnotist-singer at comparatively popular prices.

**Song of the Flame.** *Apollo*—Tessa Kosta in a big Russian production.

**The Student Prince.** *Jolson's*—A lot of men singing.

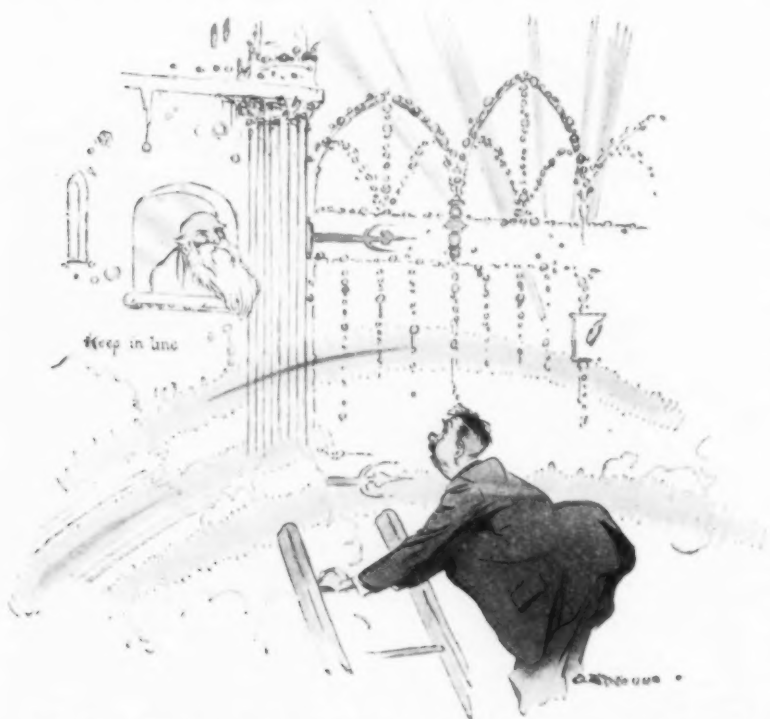
**Sunny.** *New Amsterdam*—Still the most show for the most money.

**Sweetheart Time.** *Imperial*—Moderate.

**Tip-Toes.** *Liberty*—One of the season's best.

**The Vagabond King.** *Casino*—The kind you used to hear.

**Vanities of 1926.** *Earl Carroll*—Girls and Joe Cook, Julius Tannen and Frank Tinney.



*The Great Director:* AND WHY, MAY I ASK, AM I REFUSED ADMISSION TO THIS PLACE?

*St. Peter:* GOD SAYS HE'S VERY SORRY, BUT YOU'RE NOT THE TYPE.





## All About Sex

ON the morning following the opening of the play entitled, with commendable candor, "Sex," the newspapers were brief and a trifle pettish in their dismissal of it. "Cheap," "dull," "vulgar" and "tiresome" were a few of the descriptive adjectives used by the assistant dramatic critics who went 'way up to Sixty-third St. to cover it. Things looked pretty black for a Mr. C. William Morganstern, who had given himself the distinction of "presenting" the drama.

That night, there being nothing else to write about, we thought that we might trek up to see "Sex," if, indeed, it was still running after its castigation in the press. We hate to sit in a half-empty theatre, but there might be a couple of good moral notes that we could strike on the subject; so up we ambled.



AT the corner of Central Park West and Sixty-third St., we ran into a line of people which seemed to be extending in the general direction of Daly's Theatre. At first we thought that Mr. C. William Morganstern was being inserted in the stocks by the authorities, but the line was directed more at the box-office than at the public pillory, and what was more, the people standing in line were clutching, not complimentary passes, but good, green dollar bills. In other words, "Sex," one of the most banal of plays, was a whacking hit, solely because the papers had said that it was "vulgar" and "bold" and because some one had the genius to think of its name.

And we feel that the Filipinos aren't yet quite ready for us to let them govern themselves.

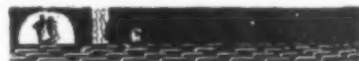


THE sudden rush to see "Sex" is not confined to the *canaille*. The agencies are hot after tickets and each night soft-purring limousines roll up with theatre parties of gentry, out "just for a lark." There must be *something* in this sex business, after all, to interest so many people.

As a matter of fact, "Sex" is no more startling and no more shocking and certainly no more reprehensible than a half-dozen others which have graced the local boards this winter. So far as one can judge, it was written with no

more of an eye to the box-office than was "The Shanghai Gesture" or "Lulu Belle." All three may claim that they are sincere pictures of that particular stratum of life which they represent, and certainly, once you have your characters talk as such characters really talk, you can not maintain that you are a sincere realist and the other man is a gross panderer to public depravity. Once you write a sex play, you must take your place with the other writers of sex plays and accept your royalties without wincing.

"Sex" is technically a much worse piece of work than "The Shanghai Gesture" and "Lulu Belle," and is nowhere near dirty enough to pay you for getting up a dinner party of nice people to go to it, but we see no reason why it should come in for any eyebrow-lifting.



THE rush of semi-amateur intimate revues, in which several good satirical ideas are made to take the place of a smooth production, and the enthusiasm of a group of ambitious young people is substituted for the easy and finished performance of professionals, has culminated in the presentation at the Greenwich Village Theatre of "Bad Habits" of 1926.

Personally, we would much rather see an amateurishly acted show containing two such sketches as "The Creaking Gorilla" and "All-Star Cast" than a professionally mounted collection of such thin porridge as is dished up annually by the big producers. Once you get over the initial feeling that the show is going to collapse at any moment from the entire cast's bursting into tears with excitement, there is much more satisfaction in attending these ventures, precarious and nerve-racking as they are, than the most finished production of a series of sketches dealing with gentlemen hiding under beds and spectacular numbers showing the different kinds of pansies in the world's history. And incidentally, the number in "Bad Habits" wherein Miss Ann Schmidt bathes in a pool of light is a conceit worth more than passing notice. It will probably be copied in one of the big revues next year.



FOR a group of young people who are engaged in showing up the foibles of the commercial theatre, however, the cast of "Bad Habits" seemed surprisingly prone to pronounce it "*ongenue*."

Robert Benchley.



*The Fatter One:* THEY'D HAVE TO GIVE ME ALL THE MONEY IN THE WORLD BEFORE THEY COULD GET ME TO APPEAR IN A PICTURE THAT WAY.  
*The Other:* YEH—ME, TOO.

### Modesty Forbade

**THE VISITOR:** Who's the most enterprising man in this village?

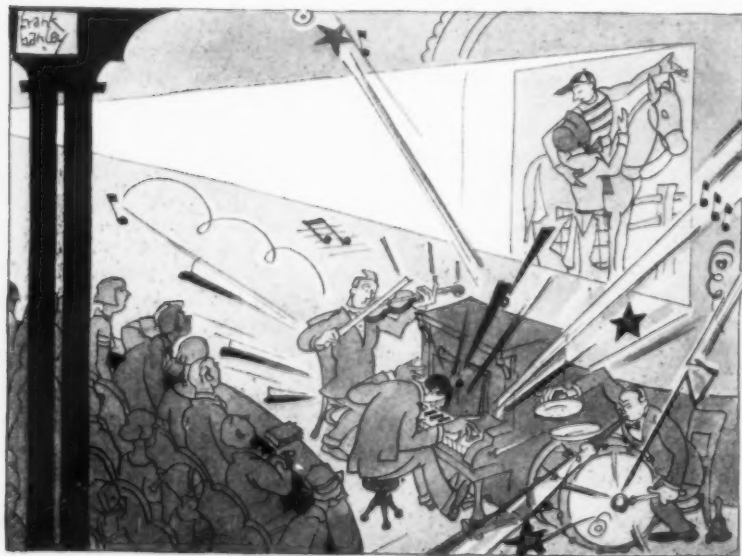
**THE NATIVE:** Now lookit here, stranger, you'd better ask that there question of somebody else in these parts—I never was much of a feller for talkin' about myself.

### Hot Dog!

**MUSIC CRITIC** (*to sweet young thing*): How did you like the barcarolle at the musicale last night?

**SWEET YOUNG THING:** I didn't stay for the refreshments, Mr. Cleff.

**FRANCE** wants to sell the "Big Bertha." Well, there's Herrin, Ill.



THE SILENT DRAMA

## Mrs. Pep's Diary

April  
23rd

Awakened too betimes by Sam a-bawling in his bath-room that there was a fish in his tub, and from his goings-on one might have thought that it was the size of Jonah's whale and about to devour him, so I did leap out of bed to his rescue, but Lord, the creature that had slunk through the spigot was so small that I was obliged to get my lorgnon before I could perceive it....To luncheon at an inn with Lydia Loomis, and it would have been dull business sipping milk and vichy whilst she ate choice food of the season had she not been so full of gossip, which I do adore. She did relate, for one thing, how poor Jim Mitchell had recently been an usher at a wedding, and getting the hallucination when he was half-way down the aisle that his head was rolling off, had reached up and held it on with his two hands throughout the ceremony. We agreed, too, that persons who have no better sense than to put any social responsibility soever on Jim deserve exactly such an exhibition, for of late he does not enter my drawing-room without inspiring in me a desire to move back the lamps and flowers and roll up the rugs, after the manner of the bourgeois. Lyd told me also that Dot Wills is conserving her funds against her coming marriage, and that one instance of her economy is to refrain from unscrewing electric light bulbs during the night watches and hurling them at vocal alley cats....A great company at tea time in honor of Sam's birthday, and when he beheld the fine cake which Katie had baked for him of her own accord, he quoth, Shakespeare and Chauncey Depew are out of luck! He did blow all its forty candles out with one breath, too, an achievement which, in view of the cocktayles I had observed him consuming, did not astonish me as much as it did him. Memorandum: This night I did win a great battle with myself by conquering the temptation to steal out to the icebox and eat of the Bel Paese cheese which Marge Boothby gave Sam for a present, for I do like it better than any cheese in the world, and it is well nigh impossible to get it outside of Italy.

(Continued on page 40)



*Let Kodak keep your vacation*

*Autographic Kodaks, \$5 up*

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y., *The Kodak City*

## THE SILENT DRAMA



## "Beverly of Graustark"

THE good old Law of Adjustment is still working, even in Hollywood. For whenever Syd Chaplin puts on skirts, Marion Davies retaliates by putting on trousers, and thus the balance is maintained.

Miss Davies should wear trousers oftener; they affect her favorably—improving not only her appearance, but her whole attitude. When dressed elaborately in Poiret, Paquin or Tappé models, Miss Davies is (to me) insufferable. When dressed as a boy—and this is usually the severest test that any actress can face—she assumes an appreciable degree of attractiveness; more than that, she displays the talents of an adroit comedienne.

Indeed, in "Beverly of Graustark," when Marion Davies changes from masculine to feminine attire, one looks upon her as a female impersonator who is not particularly convincing—which constitutes a remarkable tribute to her ability to wear pants.

WHILE Miss Davies is appearing as a fresh young prince, "Beverly of Graustark" is a sprightly and amusing picture. When she goes back into neutral, it becomes dreary, obvious and appallingly dull.

It serves to demonstrate the enormous superiority of "The Merry

Widow" over all other productions of this type; for where Erich von Stroheim furnished both fantastic romance and muscular drama in large quantities, Sidney Franklin has failed to furnish more than a modicum of either.

Perhaps it isn't all Mr. Franklin's fault. Perhaps no director can do much with a Marion Davies picture, in view of the excessive emphasis which must be placed on the star.

## "Mlle. Modiste"

THE Beautiful, Sorely Tempted but Pure Mannequin now leads the Rising Young District Attorney and the Royal Northwest Mounted Policeman by a small margin, and the way things are going, she should increase her plurality substantially within the next few weeks.

The latest Beautiful, Sorely Tempted but Pure Mannequin is that princess of dreams, Corinne Griffith, who plays what corresponds to Fritz Scheff's old rôle in the movie version of "Mlle. Modiste." Miss Griffith is lovely to look upon, she wears clothes to perfection, and she can act pretty well; what more could one ask? Well, I for one could ask for an intelligent and moderately original story, but I've been pleading for that for years now and nobody seems to pay any attention.

"Mlle. Modiste" is played as broad

comedy, interrupted by a vast number of wise-cracking subtitles, some of which are funny and all of which are laborious. Willard Louis is very good as one of those misunderstood American millionaires in Paris; Norman Kerry, the hero, is just plain awful.

There is one scene in which Miss Griffith disrobes for money, but she explains that she is doing it for the orphans of France.

## Another Bulletin

THE attention of those who are interested in the Great American Movie is called to the following document, which emanates from John Held, Jr.:

"You no doubt recall the Colossal Film Company whose trade line is, 'If it's a COLOSSAL picture, it's BIG.' Well, there has been a huge merger. We are now called 'Colossal-Lavish-Epic, Inc.' and our slogan now is, 'If it's a COLOSSAL-LAVISH-EPIC picture, it's BIGGER.'"

"The officers of the new company are as follows: Sol Colossal, president; Max Lavish, president; Moe Stupendous, president; Mae Epic, president, and John Held, Jr., Chief of Production.

"This is to announce our first production in which, during the big emotional scene, it isn't raining."

R. E. Sherwood.

## Recent Developments

**The Volga Boatman.** C. B. De Mille's latest—a pictorially effective but rather involved drama of the Russian revolution.

**A Social Celebrity.** Adolphe Menjou as a barber who poses as a count; directed (only passably) by Mal St. Clair.

**That's My Baby.** A helter-skelter comedy, with Douglas MacLean less good than usual.

**The Devil's Circus.** Trite circus stuff, beautifully photographed.

**For Heaven's Sake.** Harold Lloyd as a missionary on the lower East Side, and very funny.

**The Flaming Frontier.** Just another epic.

**Kiki.** Norma Talmadge tries too hard.

**The Blind Goddess.** Expert indoor melodrama.

**The Untamed Lady.** Gloria Swanson as a two-fisted he-girl who lives and learns.

**The New Klondike.** The mild but pleasant story of a ball-player in Florida, with Thomas Meighan as such.

**The Torrent.** Greta Garbo in an orgy of red-hot Spanish love.

**Fascinating Youth.** Somewhere in the vicinity of zero.

**La Bohème.** Lillian Gish and John Gilbert do not hit it off very well together.

**Irene.** Another triumphant mannequin. This time it is Colleen Moore.

**Mare Nostrum.** A submarine war picture from Rex Ingram.

**The Bat.** Mystery melodrama which isn't so very mysterious.

**Ben-Hur.** A twenty-five-ring circus, featuring the dawn of Christianity.

**The Black Pirate, Moana, The Merry Widow, Lady Windermere's Fan, Stella Dallas and The Big Parade.** These are all on the "exceptional" list.





# LES PASTELS COTY

*Colour — the soft touch of magic that brings radiance to the face, the gleam of health, the flush of loveliness. But it must be the true colour, the correct shade, to harmonize with the skin and hair and eyes. The new COTY Rouges — the most perfect in the world — are in eight glorious fresh shades toned with subtle knowledge for beauty of every type.*



## "ROUGE"

*A booklet illustrated by  
CHARLES DANA GIBSON  
mailed upon request*

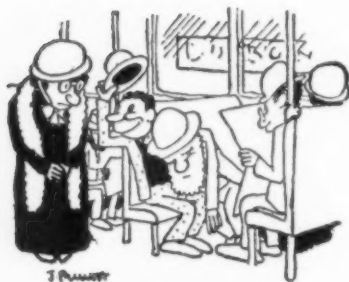
**COTY** INC.

714 Fifth Avenue, New York  
CANADA — 55 McGill College Ave. Montreal

Address "Dept. L 5"

# Our Foolish Contemporaries

"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"



**WELL BROUGHT UP**  
"WON'T YOU TAKE MY SEAT, LADY?"  
—*Excelsior (Paris)*.

## Disconcerting

APROPOS of Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford's trip abroad, one may wonder if the former will meet King Alfonso this year. When he was presented to the King of Spain last year, he wisely had his little speech all ready. It was gracefully international, quite Hands-Across-the-Seaish.

The august moment arrived—  
"How do you do, Mr. Fairbanks?" said King Alfonso. "How's Fatty Arbuckle?"  
—*New Yorker*.

## A Case for the Undertaker

SECOND (to pugilist, between rounds):  
If y' do feel bad, Bill, don' forget the other bloke feels worse.

PUG: If 'e feels any worse 'n me 'e's parssed away.—*Bulletin (Sydney)*.

## Whatzis?

FROM the Newark *Evening News*—  
"Captain Alexander Drunk of the Salvation Army barracks will speak at the monthly meeting of the W. C. T. U."  
—*New York Sun*.

"Is your Aunt Het up?"  
"No—she never gets excited."  
—*Louisville Satyr*.

## Mental Cruelty

A PICTURE postcard on which was written the whole of "Hamlet" in Welsh was sent through the post recently. The postmistress at each end of its journey is said to be still a little delirious.

—*Passing Show (London)*.

## The Horseless Age Arrives at Last

FROM the Yates Center (Kan.) *Advocate*—"Lawrence Yoho and Pete Steiner traded cars Monday."

—*Detroit Free Press*.

A JOY-RIDING girl chided her "date" because he had a used car. "Well, aren't you a used girl?" he countered.

—*Tampa Tribune*.

MOTHER (to precocious infant):  
Johnny, go wash your face and neck.  
"Neck who, Ma?"—*Illinois Siren*.



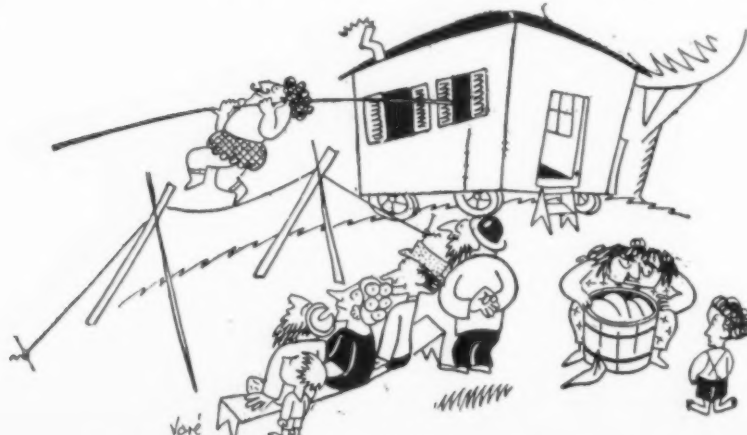
## BEATING THE RAILROAD RATES

"WHERE IS MAMA?"  
"IN THE VALISE, AND YOU—EVERY NOW AND THEN—DON'T YOU FORGET TO BARK."  
—*Le Journal (Paris)*.

## Inflamed Youth Again

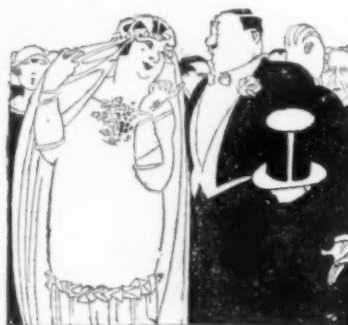
THE young of to-day are merely a little Boston tea party acting on old-time prejudices and disguised as savages.

—*McNaught's Monthly*.



"GO TELL YOUR FATHER TO SPEED UP HIS ACT. I NEED THE WIRE TO HANG SOME CLOTHES ON."

—*Le Rire (Paris)*.



"REMEMBER, PEPITO, FROM NOW ON, A NEW LIFE—NO MORE FOOLISHNESS."  
"FOOLISHNESS! IS THERE ANYTHING WORSE THAN WHAT I HAVE JUST DONE?"  
—*Excelsior (Mexico City)*.

## Where Was Barnum?

HUGH WILEY narrates a yarn of General Tom Thumb and his lady friend. She sent her card up to the midget's room one day, and was told to go up. The room door opened and a huge man in a flowered silk dressing-gown confronted her.

"Come right in, madam," he boomed.  
"But you are not General Tom Thumb!" she gasped.  
"Certainly I am," said the giant.  
"This is my day off and I'm resting."  
—*Corey, in Louisville Courier-Journal*.

## Failure

"I WAS getting ready to plant my garden," related a town farmer. "I had worked nearly all winter, trying to convince my wife and daughter that gardening was good for the complexion, and I had just about got 'em to believing it when an advertisement appeared in the *Weekly Plaindealer*, announcing the opening of a beauty shop in our village, and the stuff was off and all my work wasted."—*Kansas City Star*.

## As Thousands Cheer

"AFTER all," asked somebody the other night, "what is a light wine?" "That," said a gentleman who had been sampling wines that were far from imponderable, "is what Harvard fights for till the last one is passed."—*New York World*.

## In a Florida Auto Camp

THE FATHER: Don't cry, baby; popper'll sell the spare tire, and we'll look for a new boom somewhere else.  
—*New Masses*.

WIFE: I opened up an account with another department store to-day, dear.

HUB: Great Scott! Have they started another one?—*Boston Transcript*.

For genuine obscurity, suppose there were a vice-presidency of Italy.

—*Detroit News*.

### Entitled to It

THE elderly and somewhat shrewish daughter of a General finally received a proposal of marriage from a subaltern.

This she announced to her father.

"Dad, Filbert has proposed to me. He's only a Second Lieutenant. Now you must do something for him."

"I can't promote him over the heads of others," responded Dad soothingly, "but I might have him cited for gallantry."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

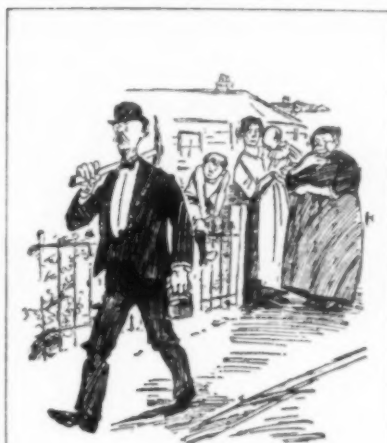
### Alibi

THE absent-minded professor was off form this morning. He did not try to eat his newspaper and read his toast, did not rush out of the house with misplaced garments, did not go along in the rain holding a cane over his head, did not give the trolley conductor an aspirin tablet.... You see, he had forgotten to get up.—*Princeton Tiger*.

### Chapter I, New Series

"Forty Nick Carter books, very good condition, for 22 cal. revolver, 5 or 6 shooter. Write only, etc."—*Evening Graphic*.

WHEREIN a dreamer becomes a doer.  
—F. P. A., in *New York World*.



### OFF TO WORK

"YOUR 'USBAND WILL BE TH' LAUGHIN' STOCK OF THE STREET."

"WELL, 'E'S GOIN' TO TH' FOREMAN'S FAREWELL DINNER TO-NIGHT AN' 'E WON'T 'AVE TIME TO COME 'OME AN' CHANGE."

—*Smith's Weekly* (Sydney).

### What's the Score?

A MEETING of Yale students under the auspices of the Yale Liberal Club failed to produce positive sentiment for the formation at Yale of a chapter of the American Association for the Advancement of Atheism, Inc., better known as the "Damned Souls" Order.... The bright note of the entire meeting was struck when one student suddenly said:

"I came in late. Did any one prove there is no God?"

—*New York Herald Tribune*.

Teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters on half Grape Fruit, a delightful breakfast tonic. Sample bitters by mail 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

### Chastening

"DOESN'T it make you feel bad to be imposed upon?"

"Yes; it humiliates me to discover that it can be done."—*Boston Transcript*.

CONVERSATION isn't a lost art. It simply has been made practical by being turned into salesmanship.

—*Milwaukee Journal*.

"ALWAYS" is the favorite word in love's lexicon.—*Detroit Free Press*.

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.60 a year; to Canada, 80 cents. Back numbers cannot be supplied.

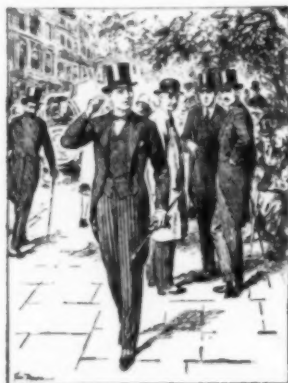
The text and illustrations in LIFE are copyrighted. For Reprint Rights in Great Britain apply to LIFE, Rolls House, Breams Buildings, Fetter Lane, London, E. C., England.

The foreign trade supplied from LIFE's London Office, Rolls House, Breams Buildings, London, E. C. Canadian distributor, The American News Company, Ltd., 386-388 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada.

No contributions will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. LIFE does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited contributions.

Notice of change of address should reach this office two weeks prior to the date of issue to be affected.

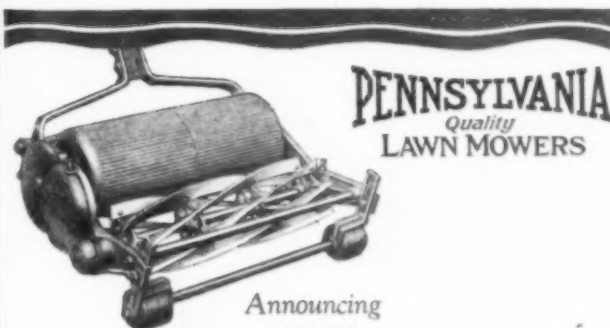
ESTABLISHED 1818  
**Brooks Brothers,**  
**CLOTHING,**  
**Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods.**  
MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET, N. Y.



**Wedding Outfits for Best Man and Ushers**

Send for BROOKS'S Miscellany

**BOSTON** LITTLE BUILDING  
**PALM BEACH** PLAZA BUILDING  
**NEWPORT** AUDRAIN BUILDING  
TREMONT COR. BOSTON COUNTY ROAD 220 BELLEVUE AVENUE



**PENNSYLVANIA**  
Quality  
**LAWN MOWERS**

Announcing  
THE NEW

**PENNSYLVANIA**  
**ROLLER MOWER**

For Golf Greens and Tennis Courts

AFTER two years' experimental work we can now offer to country clubs the new PENNSYLVANIA Super Roller Mower—the last word in lawn mower construction. It is light running, easy to push and cuts absolutely without ridging the greens.

The PENNSYLVANIA

Super Roller Mower has seven crucible steel blades in a high-speed cylinder, aluminum driving drums and train of cut gears running in a grease-tight case. Intermediate gear on roller-bearings. Drums, cylinder and front castor wheels on ball bearings. Alemite system of lubrication.

One size only, 18-inch cut. Weight, only 55 lbs.

Price, \$50 at Philadelphia.

PENNSYLVANIA LAWN MOWER WORKS  
1625 North 23rd Street, Philadelphia



Oak tree, estate of Mrs. E. H. Close, Toledo, Ohio, treated and saved by Davey Tree Surgeons. New bark along both edges is healing perfectly over Davey cement filling.

## Why you must buy Tree Surgery on faith

The chances are you know little about Tree Surgery values, because Tree Surgery requires a thorough knowledge of the related sciences and also a trained, intuitive skill in its own difficult mechanical processes.

Tree Surgery is either right or wrong—it is never half-good. Furthermore, the profession of Tree Surgery requires a definite code of ethics, a high standard of practice. There are some things that Davey Tree Surgeons are never permitted to do, because those things are not right professionally or ethically, or because more than a quarter century of experience has shown them to be wrong in practice.

The responsible officials of The Davey Tree Expert Company do know Tree Surgery values. They select, train and supervise for you the men who are to treat your priceless trees, and guarantee the ability, skill and reliability of these master Tree Surgeons.

THE DAVEY TREE EXPERT CO., INC.  
427 City Bank Building  
Kent, Ohio

Attach this coupon to your  
letterhead and mail today

Reg. U. S.  
Pat. Off.



THE DAVEY TREE  
EXPERT CO., Inc.,  
427 City Bank Bldg.,  
Kent, Ohio

JOHN DAVEY  
Father of  
Tree Surgery

Gentlemen: Without cost or obligation on my part, please have your local representative examine my trees and advise me as to their condition and needs.

## The Younger Married Set

(Continued from page 10)

uncertain about his attack. He underlined passion with every move. He hissed...he panted....When he reached across the helpless Ruby and switched off the electric light beside the chaise-longue, Mrs. Pettner fluttered maternally and a voice in the back of the house shouted "Police!"

But hist! Who comes here? "The Husband" (Herbert Hoofner) enters.

"Good heavens, Mary, he's got that revolver!" gasped Miss Flamm, who had been at the famous tea-party. A large proportion of the audience stopped their ears. Striding across the room, Bert stood over the prostrate couple. The Woman's face was hidden. He did not really see her.

"You!" he shouted, pointing the revolver and pulling the trigger. It wouldn't go off!...you know how those things are. With rare presence of mind Bert raised his head.

"BANG!" he yelled, and walked to the door. The Woman screamed. So did the audience. Reaching the door, Bert opened it and read the apartment number, then, clapping his hand to his forehead, he delivered the big line, "My God! I'm in the wrong flat!"

It was all a mistake, see? The Woman wasn't his wife at all and he had gone and shot some one's perfectly good sweetie. A lot of our folks think the whole play was a mistake and there has been quite a good deal of talk. The usual number of actors and actresses say that they will never appear again, but of course they will.

Anyway, all hard feelings are being dissipated by the preparations for "Tennis Week," one of our great athletic events, which is about to break. I will have something to say about that later on.

## Recognition

MOVIE STAR (to secretary): If you hear of a young English writer by the name of John Keats coming to Hollywood—and, of course, he will come—send him those two Heidelberg jugs, and tell him to put an ode on each one as good as the Greek Urn ode he's getting such a hand over; and have him send the bill in triplicate.

A MACHINE has been invented which will cut up an inch cube of cheese into 12,000 slices. Soda fountain "luncheonette" patrons may cease worrying about a possible sandwich shortage.

STATISTICIANS must be glad the pleasant Sunday afternoons have come again, with all the automobiles being placed end to end.



## Explore!

### North America's Normandy

Did you know that Normandy is just over-night from New York—in Quebec? There are medieval moats and battlements. Lovely old shrines, churches, and monasteries... Curved-roofed cottages, and peasants Millet would have loved to paint. Good roads in a romantic country. Come up for this vacation—to Chateau Frontenac. Reservations at Canadian Pacific, 344 Madison Avenue at 44th Street, New York; 71 East Jackson Boulevard, Chicago; 405 Boylston Street, Boston; or Chateau Frontenac, Quebec, Canada.

**CHATEAU  
FRONTENAC**  
*Bienvenue à Québec*





# The PLUS in Lumber

*delivered personally to  
the Industrial Lumber  
User by the 86 Weyerhaeuser  
Lumber Representatives*

**M**ANY purchasing agents for industrial concerns will remember when the Group Selling Plan of the Weyerhaeuser mills first placed at their disposal the combined output of 17 complete manufacturing units through one direct, personal representative.

This pioneering move in Lumber Service brought a new breadth of contact between the industrial lumber user and lumber producer. Not merely in the buying and selling of lumber but in the ever growing contribution of scientific lumber knowledge to the industrial world—resulting in many efficiencies and economies.

As this industrial service has developed here are the PLUS factors delivered today by the 86 Weyerhaeuser Representatives:

- 1 *Dependable Source of Lumber Supply*—including 12 species. Among them are Douglas Fir, Pacific Coast Hemlock, Western Red Cedar, Ponderosa Pine, Western Larch—and the finest of Genuine White Pine.
- 2 *The right wood for each purpose.* You might talk your problems over with the Weyerhaeuser Representative. Get his recommendations. What Weyerhaeuser has contributed to crate users, for instance, is industrial history.
- 3 *The species and grade you order*—not some kind of lumber that somebody else thinks is good enough for you so long as you don't know the difference.
- 4 *And at the right price.* About this price matter a good deal of confusion still exists in the minds of many buyers as to just what the proper species and grade designation really is for the lumber they are using. If it's actually No. 3 White Fir the buyer naturally penalizes himself when he calls for prices on No. 2 Spruce. The safe thing for him to do is to let the Weyerhaeuser man specify it for him in the recognized Association standard terms of the lumber manufacturer. Then all of his bidders will be bidding on the same basis.
- 5 *Lumber of standard grades* and uniform in grade time after time. The specification of lumber by obsolete, local or special grade names may get you a cheap price but not the same lumber.
- 6 *Full tally, species, grade and quantity.* About this matter of tally, you can buy lumber today on different units of measurements: board feet, surface feet and lineal feet. Therefore, it is well to specify the unit of measurement you are buying—and then to know that it is actually delivered.
- 7 *Lumber scientifically logged,* manufactured, processed and seasoned.
- 8 *Resources of 17 saw mill plants,* served by modern logging camps in as fine stands of timber as grow anywhere.
- 9 *Shipment within 24 hours,* if necessary, from three fully equipped Distributing Plants at Baltimore, Portsmouth and Minnesota Transfer.
- 10 *The personal interest* of Weyerhaeuser Men in each of the customers they serve—an asset that the man who forever shops around for a "cheaper price" never dreams of.

Why not let the Weyerhaeuser man tell you personally what he can do for you?

## WEYERHAEUSER FOREST PRODUCTS SAINT PAUL • MINNESOTA

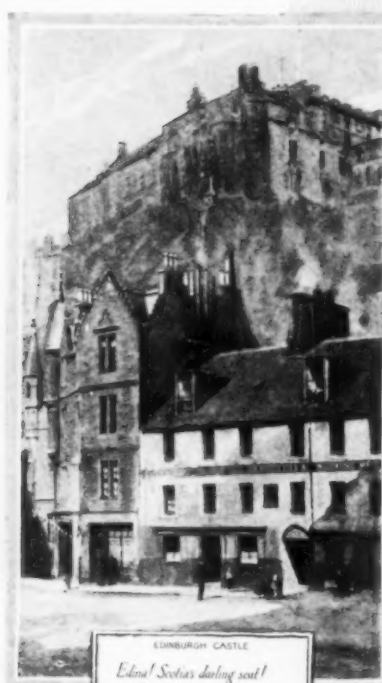


Producers for industry of pattern and flash lumber, factory grades for remanufacturing, lumber for boxing and crating, structural timbers for industrial building. And each of these items in the species and type of wood best suited for the purpose.

Also producers of Idaho Red Cedar poles for telephone and electric transmission lines.



Weyerhaeuser Forest Products are distributed through the established trade channels by the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company, Spokane, Washington, with branch offices at 208 So. La Salle St., Chicago; 285 Madison Ave., New York; Lexington Bldg., Baltimore; and 806 Plymouth Bldg., Minneapolis; and with representatives throughout the country.



EDINBURGH CASTLE  
*Edin! Scotia's darling seat!  
 All hail thy palaces and towers,  
 Where once beneath a Monarch's foot  
 Sat legislators sovereign powers.*



## See SCOTLAND *The Land of Romance History-Golf*

**SAIL via GLASGOW** when you make your European trip this year. See with your own eyes the Scotland of Robert Burns, Sir Walter Scott and of Wallace; gaze on the very scenes that inspired them to immortal words and deeds. Get to know those historic highlands and lowlands, crystal lochs and waterfalls, age-old castles and the modern bustling cities of the Scotland of today—a most delightful, endless panorama. Quaint inns, comfortable hotels—plus a host who puts his personality into the service of his house.

*To travel to or from Scotland, choose one of the magnificent new ANCHOR Liners CALEDONIA, TRANSYLVANIA, CALIFORNIA, TUSCANIA,—second to none in luxurious comfort, appointments and service.*

*Beautifully illustrated literature on the Scottish and English tourist country on request; write Dept. A.F.,*

## ANCHOR LINE

25 Broadway New York  
 or Branches and Agencies

ST ANDREWS .. AYR .. TROON .. PRESTWICK .. TURNBERRY .. GLENEAGLES .. NORTH BERWICK .. CARNOUSTIE

### Epitaph for an Average Man

EVERY varlet who is dead  
 Cannot be remembered.  
 I have spared posterity  
 The trouble of remembering me.  
 R. L. G.

### The Right Man

DEPARTMENT STORE MANAGER: I dislike to discharge Smith but he lies down on every job I give him.

PROPRIETOR: Let him demonstrate those new mattresses.

### Progress

AT last movie-goers are becoming educated. The old thriller in which the hero was a virile Westerner, in which buffaloes, Indians, covered wagons and calico dresses ran riot, in which he-men took down ten whisky-straight, and at which the audience (harassed by a jangly piano) cheered for virtue and hissed the villain, is passé.

It is now an historical film of Educational Value at \$3.80 a reserved seat.

CHORUS girls are intriguing mostly to sophomores—of 18 and 80.

### Vox Populi

RECENT statistics indicate that 67,700,000 telephone calls are made in the United States daily.

These calls are distributed among the population as follows:

Bootleggers to consumers .....	31,500,000
Consumers to bootleggers .....	35,200,000
Mr. Wheeler and associates to newspapers (re successful progress of Prohibition) .....	999,999
Calvin Coolidge to Central (requesting that telephone be disconnected) .....	1
Jack Dempsey to manager of Harry Wills....	0
TOTAL .....	67,700,000

*Tupper Greenwald.*

### The Sidewalk Talkers

"Y' KNOW that actress, th' one who's playin' in the 'The Lost Chord'? I hear she's a dope fiend. Takes drugs."

"Y' don't say. Well, they all do. All those actresses."

"The actors too, for that matter. Not only the actresses."

"Sure, all o' them."

"B'lee me, they don't lead any too respectable a life on the stage. Of course I don't mean right on the stage. I mean th' people who play there."

"Well, that's th' way they get."

"Mind, I don't say every one o' them. Some o' them are just as good as any one else. But most o' them...."

"You bet. An' still, there's one actress—I don't remember her name just now, but it's one o' those stars—they say she never takes a part where somebody has to kiss her."

"Guilty conscience, if y' ask me."

"Oh, odda know. They can't all be rotten. Of course, whenever y' look at them they're gettin' divorces."

"Temperamental."

"Publicity stuff, I say."

"I s'pose it is. Y' know what: I'd never let any child o' mine go on th' stage. Nowadays th' parents let their kids do what they want, but not me. No, ma'am. If Shirley or Ethel ever wants to become an actress, I'll tell 'em: 'Nothin' doin'. You can be anything decent, but not an actress.' Think I want my children to be no good?"

"But the actresses aren't all rotten."

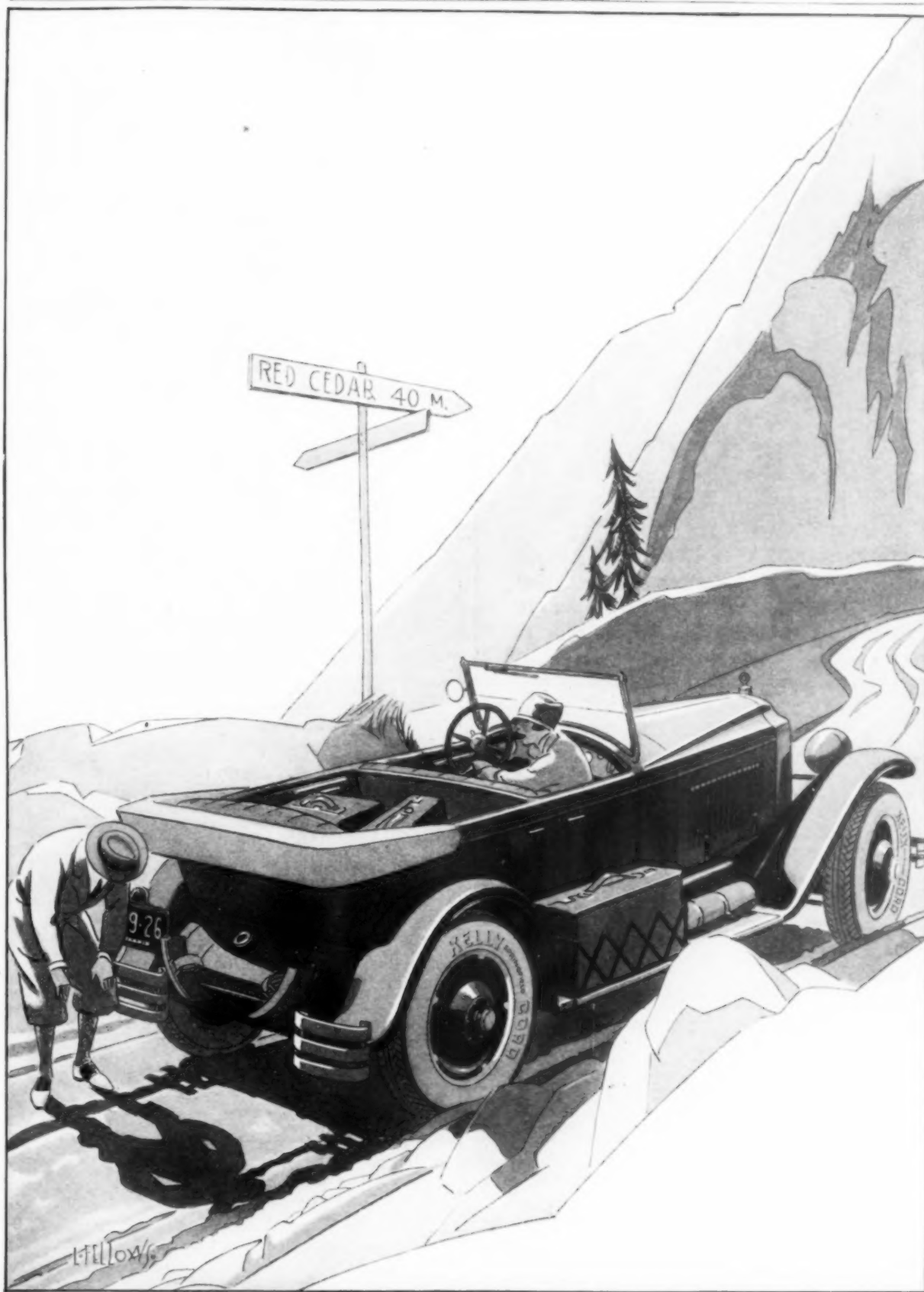
"Well, most of 'em are, and you know it."

*Simoretta.*

### Such Popularity—

SMALL-TOWN SUB-DEB: Hubert certainly can Charleston.

BLASÉ GIRL FRIEND: Yeah. I always said college would be the maling of that boy.



"Forty miles before we hit even a service station! We'll be in a nice fix if we have a blowout, with no spare!"

"I'm not worrying about blowouts; we've got Kelly-Springfields on all around. It's the gas I'm thinking about."

IT PAYS TO INSIST ON ARROWS



## ARROW Broadcloth SHIRTS

OF IMPORTED ENGLISH BROAD CLOTH OF PERMANENT LUSTER AND GREAT DURABILITY—WITH ARROW-MADE COLLARS ATTACHED

©

CLUETT, PEABODY &amp; CO. INC. MAKERS



*Far away from seething traffic  
and dusty, sun-baked streets*

HERE'S the greatest sport of all—cruising over cool, blue waters! Try it this summer... and you'll enjoy the finest vacation you have ever spent.

Cruising is quite different from anything you have tried before. It takes you away from hot, dusty, crowded places... it brings new thrills and adventures... it acts as a tonic for tired nerves and a jaded appetite.

And you are independent—free to go where you please and do what you please. No trouble about hotel reservations. No worry about finding a place to eat or to sleep. For, on board your Elco Cruiser, you have a galley for real cooking, and plenty of comfortable berths for your family and your friends.

Start planning now for a glorious season afloat. Write for Booklet L.

PORT ELCO—247 Park Avenue—New York City  
Sales Office and Permanent Motor Boat Exhibit

The Elco Works, Bayonne, N. J.

Miami Distributor  
CLEMENT AMORY  
118 North Bay Shore Drive  
Miami, Fla.

Builders of Motor Boats  
for 34 Years

Southern California  
Distributor  
HOWARD MOTOR CO.  
6157 Hollywood Blvd.  
Los Angeles, Cal.



## Coming Strong!

OUR Special Number department reports a period of unprecedented activity. Ready for early delivery are four big super-issues of LIFE, marking, as it were, the peak of the early summer season. These are the:

**GOLF NUMBER** (May 27)—With a soul-stirring cover by C. H. Sykes and a bagful of new shots at the game the Scotch couldn't keep.

**COMMENCEMENT NUMBER** (June 3)—Gently kidding the academic year-end and ye olde kampus kutups. With an educational cover by John Held, Jr.

**BROADWAY NUMBER** (June 17)—Devoted, as you must have guessed, to our biggest and best Main Street. With a highly moral cover by Garrett Price.

**100 PER CENT. AMERICAN NUMBER** (July 1)—Commemorating the Spirit of '76 in the manner of '26. With a patriotic cover by Fred Cooper.

One dollar, added to the coupon below, will bring you these and six other indispensable issues of LIFE. Ten issues in all—what could be fairer?

### CONTEST BULLETIN

The great Travel Contest, now running, began in the May 6th issue of LIFE. If you missed the early numbers, it is not too late to get them. By placing a check in the box at the lower right-hand corner of the coupon below you will obtain ten issues of LIFE beginning with the issue of May 6—a complete set of Travel Contest numbers.

### LIFE

598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me LIFE for ten weeks, for which I enclose One Dollar.  
(Canadian, \$1.20; Foreign, \$1.40)

(412)

By the Year, \$5.00 (Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60)

Please start my subscription  
with the May 6th issue. ☐



# White Rock

## Ginger Ale

# Pale

# new!



### The Social Favorite

Amber—sparkling—bubbling over with all the vivacity of a jazzy fox trot, the flavor of White Rock Ginger Ale lingers like an old time waltz.

It is indeed the sensation of modern social beverages—a compliment to friends—a treat for those at home. Order it in restaurants and clubs. Keep it on the ice.

Bottled only at  
The White Rock Spring  
Waukesha, Wisconsin



## GEORGIA ROSE Toiletries — Exquisite Aids to Loveliness

**G**EORGIA Rose Perfume is the fragrance of moonlit roses, the romance of thousands of blossoms. Georgia Rose Toiletries, breathing this dainty perfume, lend new enchantment to the woman of taste.

Georgia Rose Talcum, exquisitely fine and clinging, is delicately scented with real attar of roses.

Georgia Rose Bath Salts dissolve instantly, softening the water and gently perfuming the bath.

Georgia Rose Body Powder, in a generous box, is the smooth, soothing dusting powder to use after the bath.

All Georgia Rose Toiletries have the same delightful perfume. They are all attractively packaged to place on your dressing table. Sold only at Rexall Drug Stores.

SAVE with SAFETY at your

**Rexall**  
Drug Store

You will recognize it by this sign  
Liggett's are also **Rexall** stores



### Travel Note

**I**N ev'ry room in ev'ry hotel  
The Gideon Bible's found,  
A silent, saintly sentinel,  
Inspiring thoughts profound.  
In hotel rooms throughout the land  
The Gideon Bible basks.  
While on it rest the corkscrews and  
The empty whisky flasks.

Arthur L. Lippmann.

### Making Junior Spinach-Conscious

**H**ORACE K. STUDIUS, of the Studios Advertising Service (Motto: Not another account until every present client is spending over a million a year), stepped firmly into his front hall and flopped his brief-case on the newel post. There was nothing in the brief-case but a copy of the evening paper, but it looked well to have it with him. He might meet one of the clients, and the 4:13 is a little early for an advertising executive who is giving his life to the interests of the businesses he represents.

Mrs. Studium looked up from a copy of the *Quality Monthly*, which the publishers sent her husband every month.

"Hello!" said Mr. Studium cheerfully. "How's every little thing?"

"Not so doggone good," said Mrs. Studium, giving the wrong answer again. "Junior won't eat his spinach."

"Were you careful to give the spinach proper attention value on the plate?"

"Oh, yes. It was the only color on the dish. The other vegetables were mashed potatoes and white beans. There was plenty of white space around it, too."

"Then you failed to arouse desire. What appeal did you stress?"

"I gave him that Babe Ruth line of yours. Eat nice green spinach and grow up to be big man. Knock home runs. Get big salary. Drive Rolls-Royce. Ten million people come to their feet as you stand up to the plate. Fame and fortune at the tip of your fork."

"And that didn't work? What did he do?"

"He stuck his fork in it and threw the spinach at me."

"Um. This was at luncheon, you say? He must have his spinach. Where is he now?"

"In the nursery, eating his supper, without spinach."

Studius squared his shoulders.

"Tell Swastica to hand me a dish of spinach and I'll see that he eats it. No. Don't come in with me. Let me work this out with Junior alone."

And so Mr. Studium entered the nursery and closed the door behind him.

"Why," queried Mr. Studium, "didn't you eat your spinach this noon?"

**"A necessary, like  
clean clothes and  
polished shoes,"  
says GLEN, manager**



he means

## GLO-CO

LIQUID HAIR DRESSING

Success is indicated by a man's grooming and clothes. You're sure of well-groomed hair when you use Glo-Co Hair Dressing. Keeps the hair in place all day.

And without that artificial look men dislike. Glo-Co Hair Dressing is a liquid—not a sticky, greasy paste or cream. It's great for the scalp too. Is what your doctor would recommend. Stimulates the roots of the hair and helps keep dandruff away.

Watch out for baldness if you're troubled with dandruff. Take a Glo-Co treatment each week. Apply Glo-Co Hair Dressing to the scalp to soften the scurf, then wash with Glo-Co Shampoo. The cleansing, antiseptic lather frees the scalp from every trace of dandruff and bacteria.

After the shampoo, comb your hair with Glo-Co Hair Dressing to keep it in place.

Sold at drug and department stores and barber shops. If your dealer cannot supply Glo-Co Hair Dressing or Shampoo, a full-sized bottle of either will be sent for 30c. Glo-Co Company, Inc., 6511 McKinley Ave., Los Angeles, California.

**"The Sunshine Belt to the Orient"**



**\$1250 and up Round the World  
on a President Liner like this**

Go Round the World. Visit 22 ports in 14 countries. Stopover where you like for two weeks or longer. Enjoy 110 days of delightful adventure. Luxurious accommodations aboard a magnificent President Liner at \$1250 to \$3500 per capita for the complete world circuit. A world-famous cuisine.

A sailing every Saturday from San Francisco (every two weeks from Boston and New York). Information from any ticket or tourist agent or

604 Fifth Avenue, New York City  
Robert Dollar Building, San Francisco

**Dollar Steamship Line**

"Who wants to know?" inquired Junior, looking up from his little table.

"I do. And I'm a trained investigator. Don't forget that, young man."

Junior felt of the back bevel of his pink play-pants. "Well," he answered grudgingly, "Mother handed me a pretty terrible line with it."

"That was my line she handed you. Now get this straight. You can eat this spinach now, or you can take a thorough wallop, also now. I haven't had any exercise all day and I'd just as soon get some. It looks good enough to eat, doesn't it?"

"No. But give me that fork." Junior consumed the spinach, thoughtfully.

Mr. Studius picked up the empty plate and rejoined his wife in triumph.

"I had to vary the appeal a little," he confessed. "A little scare copy this time. Five out of six strike out. Eat spinach or take the consequences. Really, my dear, you ought to read some of my books on psychology."

C. L. Funnell.

SCENARIO WRITER: Here's a film version of Aristophanes' "The Frogs."

DIRECTOR: No, the public's tired of war pictures—we want a comedy.

**THE** burning sands of the Sahara have nothing on the blistering sands of the tee box.



**Moral: For clean hands and clean drives, give 'em a ride off**



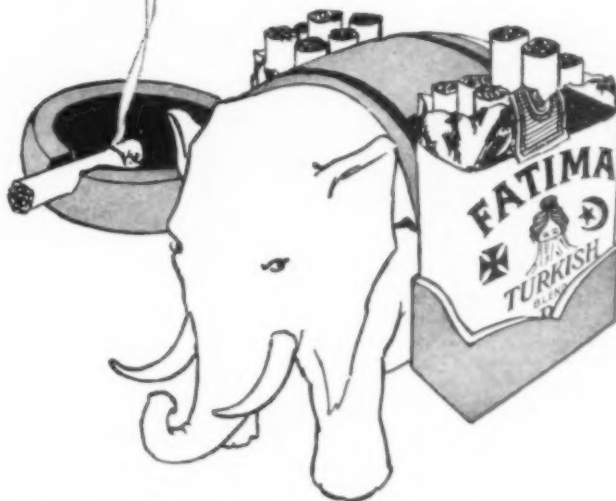
**Just stick it in the turf and s-h-o-o-l**

Ask for Reddy Tees by name. Play the yellow or the red. Both winners, both "Reddy." One piece, and white birch from tip to cup.

**25¢ FOR A BOX OF 18**  
The Nieblo Manufacturing Co., Inc.  
38 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.

## Without question

BECAUSE it costs us more to make Fatima the retail price is likewise higher. But would men continue to pay more, do you think, except for genuinely increased enjoyment? The fact cannot be denied — they *do* continue



*What a whale of a difference just a few cents make*

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

### Fairy Story

ONCE a man ordered a fresh fruit salad in a Broadway night club, and what the waiter brought, surrounded by two dollars' worth of ice, did not comprise two canned pears, one canned peach, two slices of canned pineapple, three slightly used grapes (fresh), and a maraschino cherry.

YALE, Harvard and Princeton have advanced the price of Big Three game tickets to five dollars each, but even this, we fear, will not serve its obvious purpose of underemphasizing football.

THE man who exhibited Red Grange will next offer Suzanne Lenglen. If the people show the proper interest he will bring Mussolini over next year.

### The One-Way Skirt

WHEN scanty style distresses, Remember—some it blesses;  
A girl may grow  
—and grow  
—and grow  
And not outgrow her dresses! B. G.

### Spend Your Pleasure Hours on the Water



**HACKER & FERMANN**  
6302 E. Jefferson Ave. ~ Detroit



## FREE—10-Day Tube

Mail the Coupon



## Here's a gift

Just send coupon for full 10-day tube of this new way to dazzling, white teeth and firm, healthy gums

**H**ERE'S a test you'll enjoy making. It makes teeth white and gleaming. Run your tongue across your teeth, and you will feel a film, a viscous coat that covers them.

**FILM . . . the great enemy of healthy teeth and gums**

That film is an enemy to your teeth—and your gums. You must remove it.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs discolorations and gives your teeth that cloudy "off-color" look. Germs by the millions breed in it and lay your teeth open to decay. And they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea and gum disorders.

Tooth troubles and gum troubles now are largely traced to that film. *That's why, regardless of the care you take now, your teeth remain dull and unattractive.*

### Firm the gums

Now, in a new-type dentifrice called Pepsodent, dental science has discovered effective combatants. Their action is to curdle the film and remove it, then to firm the gums.

\* \* \*

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt. Mail the coupon. A ten-day tube will be sent you free.

**FREE Pepsodent**

Mail Coupon for 10-Day Tube to **The New-Day Quality Dentifrice** Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY  
Dept. 298, 1164 S. Wabash Ave.,  
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name .....

Address .....

Only one tube to a family

2175

## Among the New Books

**The Fourth Queen.** By Isabel Paterson (*Boni & Liveright*). Stirring romance in the days of the Armada.

**Four Years Beneath the Crescent.** By Rafael de Nogales (*Scribner*). A soldier of fortune's exploits in the East and Near East.

**Cover Charge.** By Cornell Woolrich (*Boni & Liveright*). A story of nightclub life in the roaring forties.

**Lolly Willows, or The Loving Huntsman.** By Sylvia Townsend Warner (*Viking Press*). A delightful combination of comedy and charm which is making many of its readers remember Jane Austen.

**The Abbess of Castro, and Other Stories.** By Stendhal (*Boni & Liveright*). C. K. Scott Moncrieff adds to his laurels as a translator.

**The Silver Stallion.** By James Branch Cabell (*McBride*). The last of the romances of Poictesme, that imagined country for which so many of the uninitiated need road-maps.

**Oberlin's Three Stages.** By Jacob Wassermann (*Harcourt, Brace*). The author of "The World's Illusion" deals with three stages in the consciousness of a German youth.

**Virgin Spain.** By Waldo Frank (*Boni & Liveright*). An enthusiastic tribute to a land and its people. Copiously illustrated.

**The Nest.** By Anne Douglas Sedgwick (*Houghton Mifflin*). A collection of short stories from one of the most gifted and understanding writers of our day.

**Honk!** By Doris F. Halman (*Stokes*). A handsome young college professor and two of his co-eds motoring, in fiction, over the most desirable roads in Europe.

**Banzai.** By John Paris (*Boni & Liveright*). An authority on present-day Japan writes a somewhat biographical story about a modern Japanese.

**An American Tragedy.** Two volumes. By Theodore Dreiser (*Boni & Liveright*). One of the most significant contributions of this century to our national literature. To be reviewed later.

**New Poems and Old.** By Muriel Stuart (*Edwin Valentine Mitchell*). An Englishwoman praised highly by Thomas Hardy makes her bow to America.

**Great Short Stories of the World.** Compiled by Barrett H. Clark and Maxim Lieber (*McBride*). One of those books which should be on everybody's shelf.

**The Declaration of Independence for Young Americans.** By George William Gerwig (*Doran*). An expository discourse which is just the thing to give the boys.

**One Little Man.** By Christopher Ward (*Harper*). One of our leading parodists of fiction writes a novel of his own about one of O. Henry's four million. 14744

**The Queerness of Celia.** By Amelie Rives (*Stokes*). A tale told against the theatrical, musical and social New York backgrounds of fifteen years ago.

**The Dybbuk.** By S. Ansky. **The Butter and Egg Man.** By George S. Kaufman. **The Great God Brown.** **The Fountain and The Moon of the Caribbees.** By Eugene O'Neill. (*Boni & Liveright*). Some recent theatrical successes in book form. B. L.



When the finest cost but a quarter for twenty—

"Why not Smoke the Finest?"



25¢ FOR TWENTY

TO BE HAD EVERYWHERE

**Avoid Imitations**



**Safe Milk and Food**

For INFANTS, Children, Invalids, Nursing Mothers, etc.

**STOPS**



**TROLLEY SICKNESS**

—faintness, stomach disturbances and dizziness caused by Sea, Train, Auto, Air or Car Travel. Mothersill's will promptly end all forms of Travel Sickness. 35

75c. & \$1.50 at Drug Stores or direct

The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.  
New York Paris Montreal London





# Hawaii



## -and Pineapples Juicy-Cool

Nature's summer ambrosia . . . salad of the gods! . . . a dozen fruits in one. Guavas for the picking; breadfruit and mangoes growing in bungalow yards. At breakfast whiff the Kona coffee that grew nearby. Ah! This is June and you're in Honolulu!

Breeze-swept days for golf. Soft dusk jeweled with gorgeous tropical flowers. And at night—"Boy, another bed-cover."

Hawaii U. S. National Park with its volcanic wonders. Surfing. Outrigger canoes. Motoring. Waikiki. You won't leave till you must.

Cost? \$300 to \$400 covers everything for 3 or 4 weeks—round trip on ocean liners from San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Vancouver or Victoria; hotels, inter-island cruising, the volcano trip and all sightseeing. For descriptive brochure in colors, write now—

### HAWAII TOURIST BUREAU

227 McCann Bldg., 451 MONTGOMERY ST.,  
SAN FRANCISCO

OR 355 FORT ST., HONOLULU, HAWAII, U. S. A.

**SENATORS ROBINSON, Harrison** and Edwards have been constituted a contest committee on the question, "What is a Democrat?" Easy. A Democrat is a man addicted to the phrase, "You just wait until next year!"

### CLARK'S FAMOUS CRUISES

By sumptuously appointed new, oil-burning Cunarders, specially chartered, run like private yachts. Limited membership and rates including hotels, guides, drives, fees. Stop-overs in Europe.

**NORWAY** Western Mediterranean  
June 30, SS. "LANCASTRIA," 53 days, \$550 to \$1,250. Repeating last summer's greatest cruising success, visiting Lisbon, Spain, Tangier, Algiers, Italy, Riviera, Sweden, Norway Fjords, Edinburgh, Trossachs, Berlin.

**SOUTH AMERICA**  
Combined with the Mediterranean  
Feb. 5, 86 days, \$600 to \$2,300.

**ROUND THE WORLD**  
Jan. 19, 121 days, \$1,250 to \$2,900.  
To the **MEDITERRANEAN**  
Jan. 29, 62 days, \$600 to \$1,700.

FRANK C. CLARK, Times Bldg., N. Y.

### From a Writer's Garden of Rejections

"WE regret" (look at my destitution,  
Then sop up those tears on your cheeks),

"We regret the enclosed contribution"  
(It's been hanging around you for weeks)

"Is not at the moment quite fitted"  
(That's a wow—"at the moment"—that's good!)

"We thank you for having submitted"  
(And the stamps were enclosed, too—you should!)

"We shall always be glad to consider"  
(That's a line I've heard somewhere before)

"Any manuscripts" (you're such a kiddier)

"You may care to present" (there's a roar!)

"Yours sincerely—" (well, that was a jawful,

And, now that you've finished your song,

Why didn't you just say: "It's AWFUL!"?

I knew that it was, all along.)

Tip Bliss.

### Pugilism's Progress

1880

"BRING him on; I'll fight th' big ham any time, anywhere, fer nothin'. Right now, if he wants it."

1890

"Post yer forfeit an' name the date."

1900

"We got a five-weeks' contract with th' Bouncin' Babies Burlesque, to do sparrin' exhibitions, an' as soon as that's over, th' champ's ready to meet any one in th' world fer th' best purse offered an' a suitable side-bet, winner take all."

1910

"Th' champ's got two months to go in 'Honest Fists an' Heavy Hearts,' but we're ready to talk business any time a promoter's willin' to offer a purse of \$20,000, sixty per cent. to th' winner."

1920

"Th' champ'll fight when he gets good an' ready, an' then they'll have to lay one hundred grand on th' line before we'll talk. Anyways, we got a movie to finish fer seventy-five grand, paid in advance, and then they's that fourteen weeks in vodville at ten grand a week. So we won't be ready fer a year yet."

1926

The Champion Regrets  
His Inability to Meet Challengers,  
Socially, or Otherwise,  
Owing to Previous Engagements  
With His Facial Surgeon.

James Kevin McGuinness.



## Pour le Bain and after the Bath

There is always such a pleasant sense of the Fragrance of Cleanliness in the use of Roger & Gallet's Bath Tablets. Little squares of feminine luxury they are—pour le Bain. And after the bath, a fragrant, refreshing and cooling Talc gives just the right finishing touch.

These articles come in most artistic boxes, in the fragrance of Le Jade or Fleurs d'Amour.

Roger & Gallet face powders are famous the world over for their softness, their refined lasting fragrance, and their absolute purity. In Compact form, in Le Jade and Fleurs d'Amour. In loose powder, in a great variety of perfumes.

### ROGER & GALLET

Parfumeurs—Paris

709 SIXTH AVENUE NEW YORK

Of all Best Dealers





In the land of motion pictures, where men are the world's best dressed and among the most active—More E. Z. GARTERS are sold than in any other section of America. These men demand E. Z.'s unrivaled flexibility and security, the trim style it gives to their hosiery, its wonderful feel of everything exactly right! Made in tailored sizes, single-ply all the way around. No lost elasticity from doubled webbing. No bunches of fabric folded over metal clasps. No danger of varicose veins and weakened arches. Recommended by doctors and athletes. If your dealer cannot supply you, send his name, a half dollar and your name, address and calf measure.

The Thomas P. Taylor Co.  
Dept. 5 L, Bridgeport, Conn.

## How to Start the Day Right

A quick, cool, modern shave with Barbasol. No brush. No rub-in. A little easy razor play. And you're all set for the day. Try it—three times—according to directions. 35c and 65c tubes.



**For Modern Shaving**

## Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 24)

April 25th

My husband berating me roundly this morning for not having written of late to Grace Smith, I did answer, If you are so concerned, why do you not write her yourself? So to my astonishment he sat him down and penned her a letter, a thing I have not seen him do in years, and I did mock his spelling and punctuation, telling him the missive looked as if it had been wrote by a mountaineer, but I could ruffle his mood no whit, his only response being an inquiry as to why on earth the gentry should concern itself with epistolary precision, which is the province of clerks, whereupon we did agree that George Ade's "Whom are you?" said Cyril, for he had been to night school" is one of the sharpest lines of satire in the language. . . . In the afternoon came Ranny Wilkins and Beth to see us, and, it being their twelfth anniversary, we did laugh to recall how Ranny's nurse had caused to be engraved on the great silver spoon which she gave him for a wedding present, "Mr. Randolph, His Property," and upon being interrogated as to such specification had answered, Well, you can't never tell how some of these marriages is goin' to turn out, an' if they ever gits to a point where they splits up the possessions, I wants Mr. Randolph to have what's hisn. Then we all to the Brevoort for dinner, which is by no means a bad way to top off the Sabbath.

Baird Leonard.

## Seven Deadly Cinemas

1. THE HEARTRENDER, in which the virtuous, long-haired Rosamond, at great personal sacrifice, allowed her golden hair to be cut so that she might pay off the mortgage.
2. The film that always looked as if it was raining—inside or outside.
3. THE WESTERN (pronounced Westren) picture, in which the two-fisted, sombreroed hero wrote a message with his own red blood on part of his own shirt-tail and sent it *via* his horse, Beauty (pronounced Beauteh).
4. The film that on occasion showed its lower half on the upper half of the screen and its upper half on the lower half of the screen—a signal for stamping of feet, whistling, and catacalls.
5. THE BIG SATURDAY SERIAL, featuring Emerald Green, every episode of which showed the heroine at the point of death.
6. THE COMEDY that was pie for the actors.
7. The white, blank break at the end of each reel and "One Minute Please," followed by "Will the Ladies Please Remove Their Hats?" And then "Good Night!" in three colors.

Courtenay Akt.

BUSH TERMINAL PRINTING CORPORATION, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

*A signal of trouble —  
tender and bleeding gums*



**Forhan's  
FOR  
THE  
GUMS**

As the soil nourishes the tree-roots the gums nourish the teeth. And as the tree decays if you bare the tree-roots, so do the teeth decay if the gums shrink down from the tooth-base.

This condition is common. It is known as Pyorrhea. Four out of five people who are over forty suffer from it. Ordinary tooth-pastes will not prevent it.

Forhan's Preparation does prevent it if used in time and used consistently. So Forhan's protects the tooth at the tooth-base which is unprotected by enamel.

On top of this Forhan's preserves gums in their pink, normal, vital condition. Use it daily and their firmed tissue-structure will vigorously support the teeth. They will not loosen. Neither will the mouth prematurely flatten through receding gums. Further, your gums will neither tender-up nor bleed.

Gums and teeth alike will be sounder, and your teeth will be scientifically polished, too.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

In 35c and 60c tubes at all druggists in the United States.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.

FORHAN CO. New York

Forhan's, Ltd. Montreal

## Insure Your Investments

BEFORE investing your surplus funds, take the precaution of seeking the expert and conservative advice of the investment houses and bankers represented in the Financial Section of Harper's Magazine.

## Eliminate the Loss In Investments

For, after all, good investment opportunities predominate. Caution, Care, Investigation will reveal safe and profitable channels for your surplus funds.

The Financial Article that appears in the June issue of Harper's Magazine will help solve your investment problems.

**Harpers  
MAGAZINE**

49 East 33rd Street, New York, N. Y.



## Super-efficiency that challenges all cars!

America's liveliest and most astonishing car! . . . A car whose super-efficiency excels anything that ever was built of its size, or type, or class! . . .

No new creation ever presented to the motoring public of this country has so quickly and completely captured the national imagination as the new "70" Willys-Knight Six!

The internationally-famous Knight sleeve-valve engine needs no public endorsement. The unequalled series of world's records it holds for highest sustained speed, continued operation at full load, greatest power develop-

ment and hill-climbing in high gear are the four basic tests by which efficiency in a motor-car engine is universally measured.

In the Knight type sleeve-valve engine of the new "70" Willys-Knight Six, the principle of high-speed engine construction has been utilized with results that are absolutely astounding . . .

With 2 $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch bore and a 4 $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch stroke, the power-plant of this car delivers greater power per cubic inch of piston displacement, throughout its entire range, than any stock American motor-car engine built today!

*Ownership of this phenomenal new car is now a perfectly convenient matter. The new WILLYS FINANCE PLAN means a smaller down payment, smaller monthly payments; and the lowest credit-cost in the industry.*

*Touring \$1295, Sedan \$1495. F. o. b. Factory. We reserve the right to change prices and specifications without notice.*

Willys-Overland, Inc.  
Toledo, Ohio

Willys-Overland Sales Co. Ltd.  
Toronto, Canada

The NEW  
**WILLYS-KNIGHT**  
6

*Now in the Great WILLYS-OVERLAND LINE - a Car for Every Purse*



# ATWATER KENT RADIO



Receiving Set illustrated is Atwater Kent Model 20 Compact. Radio Speaker is Model H.

## Sorting out the facts, here's what you find

AMID all the talk of radio, these facts stand out:

1] Wherever people have been asked to specify the Radio they intend to buy, more answered "Atwater Kent" than any other make.

2] In hundreds of thousands of homes, Atwater Kent Receiving Sets and Radio Speakers are giving complete satisfaction—more, by far, than any other in the same price class.

3] Every part of Atwater Kent Receiving Sets and Radio Speakers is made in the factory of Atwater Kent Mfg. Co.—even down to the smallest screw, the smallest name-plate.

4] Because the Atwater Kent factory makes and assembles its own parts on such a vast scale, so carefully planned, the price cannot be equalled in any other Radio that does as much so well.

5] Atwater Kent Radio meets every require-

ment. It is designed by engineers who know. It goes to you with the guarantee of a manufacturer whose name-plate has been a symbol of excellence for more than 25 years.

And—this Compact Model, only 6½ inches high, although five-tubed and full-powered, is exclusive with Atwater Kent. Let an Atwater Kent dealer show you how the Compact, with an Atwater Kent Radio Speaker, would fit into any convenient corner of your home and what it would do there!

Send for illustrated booklet of Atwater Kent Radio.

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING CO.

A Atwater Kent, President

4753 WISSAHICKON AVENUE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

### EVERY SUNDAY EVENING

The Atwater Kent Radio Artists bring you their summer program, at 9:15 Eastern Daylight Time, 8:15 Central Time, through:

WEAF . New York	WCCO { Mpls.
WEEI . . Boston	WGN . Chicago
WSAI . Cincinnati	WGR . Buffalo
WCAE Washington	WWJ . Detroit



Model H, Radio Speaker

Model 20 Compact, cable attached